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THE FIELD AFAR



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No. 4

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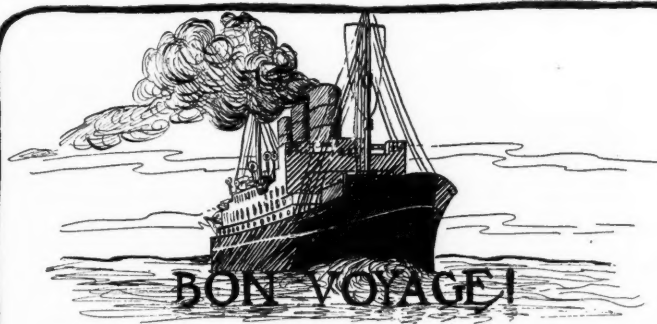
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The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America

(MARYKNOLL)

Approved by the National Council of Archbishops, Washington, D. C., April 27, 1911. Authorized by His Holiness, Pius X, at Rome, on the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, 1911.

"Maryknoll," in honor of the Queen of the Apostles, has become the popular designation of the Society.

The Society was founded for the immediate purpose of training Catholic missionaries for the heathen and of arousing American Catholics to a sense of their apostolic duty. Its ultimate aim is the development of a native clergy in lands now pagan.

The priests of the Society are secular, without vows. They are assisted by auxiliary brothers and by the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, more commonly known as "Maryknoll Sisters."

IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE SEMINARY AND ADMINISTRATION is situated above the Hudson River, about thirty miles north of New York City, at Ossining (Maryknoll P. O.), N. Y. Students in the Seminary make the usual six-year course in philosophy, theology, scripture, etc. The Auxiliary Brotherhood of St. Michael was established for those who wish to devote themselves to foreign mission work, but are not inclined to pursue higher studies or to assume the responsibilities of the priesthood. The general management of the Society and the publication of its two periodicals, *The Field Afar* and *The Maryknoll Junior*, are carried on at this center. Here, too, is the motherhouse of the Maryknoll Sisters.

THE MARYKNOLL PREPARATORY COLLEGE, at Clark's Summit, near Scranton, Pa., admits to a five-year classical course foreign mission aspirants who have completed the eight grammar grades. Connected with this institution is a group of the Maryknoll Sisters. Their convent is dedicated to Our Lady of the Missions.

THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS have worked with the Society from the beginning, first as lay helpers and now as recognized religious. These sisters devote themselves exclusively to work for foreign missions. (For further information, address: The Mother Superior, Maryknoll, N. Y.)

THE MARYKNOLL MEDICAL BUREAU, at 410 East 57th St., New York, was started in 1920 to interest the medical profession in mission needs, to secure the services of physicians and nurses, and to provide medical supplies for hospitals and dispensaries in the mission. Here, also, is the city office of Maryknoll.

THE MARYKNOLL PROCURE in San Francisco, Calif., Fillmore and Vallejo Sts., is the center of Maryknoll activities on the Western Coast and the depot of supplies for the missionaries in China.

THE MARYKNOLL JAPANESE MISSIONS, at 425 South Boyle Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., and 507 12th Ave., Seattle, Wash., are conducted by the Maryknoll Sisters, for the education and religious instruction of the Japanese in those cities.

Make checks and money orders payable to J. A. Walsh (Treas.), Maryknoll, N. Y.

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For further information address: The Catholic Foreign Mission Society, Maryknoll, N. Y.

IN EASTERN ASIA.

A MISSION in South China has been assigned to the Maryknoll Society by the Sacred College of Propaganda Fide, Rome. The first band of Maryknoll priests left for this field in September, 1918. There are now seventeen priests and two auxiliary brothers in the Maryknoll Mission. A second mission field has been set apart for Maryknoll in Kwangsi. In the fall of 1921 the first mission group of Maryknoll Sisters arrived at their Chinese convent, 19 Chatham Road, Kowloon, Hongkong; a second group of six left for China, October 3, 1922. A third mission—at Pingyang, in Korea—has lately been added by Rome.

THE MARYKNOLL PROCURE is the center of communications and supplies for the various mission stations at Wuchow, Yeungkong, Tungchen, Kowchow, Loting, Chiklung, Lungon, and Pingnam, in the provinces of Kwangtung and Kwangsi. The post office address of the Procure is: *Box 595, Hongkong.*

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FOR these members, weekly Masses (more than a thousand every year) are offered by the priests, and they are remembered in the communions and other prayers of the students and sisters. The same spiritual benefits may, if desired, be applied to departed souls.

Associate Membership in the Society, with a personal share in its good works and merits, is secured by all benefactors and by subscribers to *The Field Afar*. Associate membership for one year is fifty cents; in perpetuity, fifty dollars, payable on enrollment or within two years.

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CONTENTS.

In Korea.....	99
<i>Impressions After Second Voyage</i>	101
<i>In Brief</i>	102
<i>They Know Not</i>	103
<i>From Bandit Land</i>	105
Editorials	110
<i>The First Junk Trip</i>	112
<i>On the Knoll</i>	115
<i>Above the Mountains (Story)</i>	120
<i>The Widening Circles</i>	125

In Korea.

WHERE FATHER BYRNE GOES.

FR. BYRNE, arrived in Korea, will stay some time with the venerable Bishop of Seoul to learn valuable lessons from his elder brothers in the mission field. He will then make his headquarters in the city of Pingyang, the second largest city in Korea, which will be the center of the Maryknoll Mission in that country.

He will find a Catholic church there, in what condition we do not know, but when he mounts to its little tower, a bird's-eye-view will reveal:

Two Presbyterian churches,
one only three hundred feet
away,

A Methodist church,

Seventeen Protestant schools
built with good American
money,

Several Protestant charitable
institutions (that have proved
very attractive).

This sight will make him feel like a Maronite pastor in one of our American cities, if you know what we mean, (otherwise think of the proverbial "thirty cent" comparison), but our Maryknoller will say a prayer and be thankful for the example of zeal which has been set by our separated brethren.

He will then note from the tower neat clusters of little hills and patched valleys; on the West, the Taitong River with its busy boat life, and the clumsy old city wall trailing over the foot-hills of a mountain range beyond.

There he will begin to take account of stock, and, later, we shall transcribe this account for our readers. The only record on which we can lay our hands speaks of one Catholic missionary at Pingyang, Père Le Maire, and the "whole world" says that Père Le Maire can speak Korean so purely that the natives, listening to him, shut their eyes so as to forget that he is not of their own.



TWO BISHOPS IN KOREA.

Bishop Devred, Coadjutor of Seoul

Bishop Sauer, of Wensan



INTERIOR OF A KOREAN BANK.

Where funds for Maryknoll Mission can find a passing shelter.

A few sisters in Pingyang have conducted "an insignificant school"—a boys' school there registered an attendance of eighty.

"What kind of food will Fr. Byrne have?" a solicitous old lady asked us recently. We don't know, and he is not worrying on that score. Missioners sometimes



A KOREAN MISS.

lack nourishing food just as poor people in our country do; but Korea has its market for all kinds of staple foods, and, if Fr. Byrne is fond of macaroni, he will find much of it—such as it is—in his section of the country. Food will be the least of his troubles. So give him a prayer.

You can save yourself trouble, and good Mother Maryknoll both trouble and expense, by making your subscription to this paper for life. This may be done in several payments covering two years and aggregating fifty dollars. You will, by the same act, become a perpetual associate member of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, sharing, always, in life or death, in its prayers, Masses, and sacrifices.

American Protestants are active in Korea, and in some phases of missionary work the Catholic priest finds them serious rivals. A zealous young missionary, whom the Maryknoll Superior met on his travels, is trying to build up in Seoul a Catholic Association for the youth of Korea. Such an association would be extremely valuable as a propaganda center for all Catholic activity in Korea. But Fr. Krampf is working against odds. We quote from a recent letter:

The material outlook has not changed. We are still in the low dark building I showed you. This discourages some of our young folks. Across the way the Protestant Y. M. C. A. offers light and spacious rooms. . . . I should be glad, from the point of view of propaganda, to be able to inscribe the name of an American benefactor above the door of our Catholic club. The Y. M. C. A. building bears the name of Mr. Wanmaker. Protestant workers in this country convey the impression that there are no Catholics in the United States. No better reply could be made to this falsehood.

STEWARDS OF THE MASTER.

The Catholic idea that all property is God's and that its holders are His stewards seems to catch and hold some people. To these, God is a provident Father.

Several years ago I made a promise that I would give to Maryknoll a certain per cent. of any salary increase. Hence, I am enclosing a post office money order for \$20 and I wish this money to be used where the need is greatest.—N. Y. C.

I have, in the past, made it a practice to send a remittance to Maryknoll upon the occasion of receiving an increase in salary. The enclosed \$32, therefore, represents the increase for one month.

Needless to say, I take great pleasure in being able to send the money and should enjoy it even more if it could be done oftener.—N. Y. C.

This check is to be used in your work as you see fit.

I expect to send more later, the amount of which will depend upon the success of my business, for I give a percentage of my sales to the missions. I have been very successful in the last year.—Mass.

It is my intention to give, as long as I am able, one-tenth of my weekly salary to some activity connected with the Church. Since I know of no better work than that under your charge at Maryknoll, I should like to pay my Jewish tithes to spread the Faith in the fields afar.—N. Y.

THEY SAY SO.

The enclosed is a tonic for my stencil for another year.

—Calif.

If every dollar expended gave as much pleasure as the one which renews my subscription to THE FIELD AFAR, life would be most delightful.—Pa.

Please pardon the negligence in renewing our subscription. Really, we wouldn't give up THE FIELD AFAR for any of the other magazines we receive.—La.

We are happy to take this occasion to express our appreciation and esteem for your two wonderful magazines. They are an inspiration spiritually, and a delight intellectually.—Ill.

For the enclosed check of \$25, kindly send THE FIELD AFAR, for one year, to the twenty-five best boys and girls of my advanced class. May it imbue their minds with the missionary spirit! I wish you and your good work every success.—Rev. Friend, Mass.

I hope that the reading of THE FIELD AFAR will create for my friends an interest in foreign missions. This magazine gives so much real information in such a chatty and breezy way, that I do not see how they can fail to be impressed and filled with the desire to do something to bring the light of Faith to the poor heathens who know nothing of God.—Rev. Friend, Nova Scotia.

From Shanghai, Father Kennelly, S. J., writes a letter to our Hongkong Procurator, in which he says:

I receive THE FIELD AFAR regularly. It is absorbingly interesting, even for one who has been over thirty years on the mission. Real life is vividly depicted, and with a touch of humor that makes you sympathize with the missionary and his good work. I think no other Catholic magazine can compare with it. In the January number, 1922, Father McShane's "Twenty-one Babies" is a thrilling story. I am reading it for the third time.

Impressions After a Second Voyage.

THE Maryknoll Superior has already finished a series of papers in *THE FIELD AFAR* written under the caption, "Around the Circle," and he has been asked if his later observations confirm those already made on the occasion of his visit to the Far East in 1917-18. He answers:

In Chapter XX of *Observations in the Orient*, I remarked that *the Far East is not so far after all*. It has, in fact, come nearer; and several American priests who have recently followed the trail quite agree with this statement.

A second early impression was that *there are very likable people in the Orient*. This, too, stands as it was written. So also do paragraphs that concern Chinese morals, refinement, civilization, American prestige, the need of English-speaking priests, resources for the Missions, native priests, and China as the most fertile field for evangelization. I have nothing of interest to add on these points unless to regret that the political muddle in China is at a very low ebb.

For the Church's work, we all are glad to note that since the publication of *Observations*—not necessarily because of it—the Church in America has risen strongly to answer the call from the Orient.

Of Maryknollers, there are now in China seventeen priests, two brothers, and twelve sisters. Ten more, made up of these three classes, will leave in the fall, and one, Fr. Byrne, has gone to Korea.

The Society of the Divine Word is today represented by several American-born priests in China and has a flourishing seminary at Techny, Ill., out of which many more will soon go. The American Lazarists (Vincenians) have sent two groups of missionaries into China, the Pas-

sionists have done likewise; the Franciscans have added to a few individual priests already in that field and are organizing to multiply these. American Jesuits have gone to the Philippines, others to India, where the Holy Cross Fathers are also represented. The Marists have sent some American subjects across the Pacific to their island missions.

Several American priests have attached themselves to the Mission of Bishop Tacconi in China, who, on his return trip a few years ago, escorted six American Sisters of Providence, the first American Sisters to work in the Orient—except a few isolated members of other communities.

This year, the Sisters of Charity will send recruits from America to the Lazarists in China, and Dominicans will send out priests to Fokien. We learn, too, that the Irish Foreign Mission Society which has recently started a branch seminary at Omaha has united to its Mission at Hongkong six other American sisters.

All of this is deeply gratifying news that should stir the conscience of American Catholics to a fuller realization of the duty to those who know not Jesus Christ.

"Will these Americans stand the life?" The question is not a new one and it can be answered only by experience. There always have been and there always will be failures in missionary life. What proportion of French, Italian, German, Spanish, Dutch, or any other kind of missionary fails would perhaps interest some people, could it be made known. But why seek to make it known, when we have the gratifying assurance that the majority of Catholic missionaries remain steadfast to the heroic resolution of youth? We expect some failures among the Americans, but we have reason to believe that the majority will "make good." Pray, you who watch, that they may do so.



Fifty years ago a boy named William Henry Judge was working in a planing mill in Baltimore. But while he was doing this he had thoughts of another calling, and in time the youth from the planing mill became the Rev. William H. Judge, S.J.

"May God grant me grace and strength to do and suffer something for His glory!" was the prayer of the young priest, and it was answered in his Alaskan mission. The story of his adventures and labors, his charity and zeal, as a missionary during the exciting days of the gold rush to the Klondike, is told in

AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY

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"In his manifold duties as priest, physician, nurse and adviser, in the great mining camp, Fr. Judge wore himself out and died at the early age of 49. His name is blessed wherever there lives a Klondiker of those early days. The story of his life is a moving narrative and an inspiration to higher Christian living for every one who reads it."
—*Catholic Sentinel, Portland, Ore.*

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IN BRIEF

Mr. James E. Hayes who is well acquainted with Maryknoll and the missions is giving illustrated mission talks in New England.

Canon Sheehan's *My New Curate* has been dramatized anew by Bro. Benjamin, C.F.X., President of St. Xavier's College, Louisville, Ky.

Japan has long been considered the most difficult of Eastern lands to convert, but, of late, many signs of grace are evident. Here is the latest good news:

At the University of Waseda, a group of thirty students have formed a club for the purpose of studying religious doctrine, and the president of the university has consented to become an honorary member. Twice a month, a missionary, much interested in young men and much liked by them, makes the trip from Yokohama to Tokyo to teach them the Catholic religion. The enterprise promises many conversions.

The bandits in China are not so bad after all. Recently, a newly-established Catholic Mission, in Central China, was attacked by bandits and several boys were held for ransom. The effect of this outrage spelled disaster to the Catholic cause, for the people would lose confidence in a Mission that could not protect their children, and to pay the ransom would only encourage future attacks. The missionary, therefore, sought the robber chief in person and asked for the boys' release. His unselfishness won the brigand's respect. They listened reverently to his plea, gave him a safeguard home, and returned the boys with handsome new outfits.

If you never want to be without it, why not take *The Field Afar* for life? Fifty dollars will settle your difficulty.

FROM THE BISHOP OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

I do not see how anyone could do otherwise than give a strong approval of your work, one of the most glorious ever undertaken by the Church in America. What blessings have been bestowed upon the Church in America on account of the missionary sacrifices of the Maryknollers, only God knows. To help you is to help ourselves. To praise your work is to borrow praise for one's self. You do not need any commendation of mine. I rather commend myself and my diocese to your prayers and those of your associates.

Devotedly yours in Christ,
+Wm. T. Russell

Fr. Alfons Vath, S. J., in a recent number of the *Catholic Missions*, urges the people of Germany not to abandon the work of foreign missions. Many of the richest mission fields are still open to German missionaries.

The dire need of Germany is not an excuse for abandoning the foreign fields. One of her greatest needs is to rehabilitate herself in the eyes of other countries. This she can best do by giving evidence of the highest spirit of disinterested self-sacrifice—the foreign mission spirit. The parishes at home will not suffer.

In an encyclical Benedict XV said there would be several vocations at home for every missionary who is sent out.

A sympathetic Catholic writer, commenting on a recent French book, *Le Flot Montant*, expresses his belief that Chinese Catholics are in great danger because of their insufficient education. They are unable, he says, to refute the

dangerous ideas of "Young China." Even the native priests are unskilled in controversy, for up to the present, they have not needed it.

The actual conditions bearing on education are these: At the present time China considers education indispensable for her national life and independence; she has not been able to equip her schools; all aid along educational lines is eagerly welcomed. This, then, is the moment for the Catholic Church to develop educational institutions.

If she *does not*, the consequences will be grave.

The children of the better families must, under present conditions, attend some institution of higher education. If we have none, they will attend government or Protestant institutions. The ideas of Young China are irreligious, and sometimes frankly anti-religious. They will corrupt the minds of our Chinese Catholics. When China will have developed government schools, she will be unwilling to accept ours.

So action is imperative. The Chinese government would favor us because it believes that our schools stand for order and respect for lawful authority. We lack good text books, teachers, and the influence of the press. We must remedy this state of things. The need of good newspapers and reviews is especially pressing.

The writer concludes that the cause of Catholicity in China demands decisive and rapid action along educational lines.

Liberty Bonds Wanted

By the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America in exchange for Maryknoll interest-bearing Annuities.

Interest rates and other information will be sent on request.

Address: The Catholic Foreign Mission Society

MARYKNOLL :: :: NEW YORK

They Know Not.



Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.—St. Luke XXIII, 34.

This is the prayer of Our Divine Lord for sinners, and its need is as great today as when first uttered.

In heathen lands, we see the loathsome holocaust of incense offered, not to God, but to wooden idols; we see the temples to Buddhist and Taoist gods, that top the many hills; the pagan rites debasing man below the beast; the cringing fear of the greater part of this earth's mortals, where love should long since have been nourished. Most cruel of all, we see countless infants whose first act is devil worship; whose souls, unconscious yet of actual sin, are entering on a lifelong slavery to Satan. In truth, in heathen lands, we see the lowest passions ruling man, and sin enthroned in virtue's place, *for they know not what they do*. How shall they believe in Whom they have not heard?

In Christian lands, thank God, we have the few whose daily thought and

prayer and act are directed towards the saving of the heathen. Thank God we have those able and willing to think of the lands that are afar off; but even for these it is of profit to ask themselves if they are doing their utmost to extend God's Kingdom. And, too, we have the thoughtless many who little heed the needs of pagans; for these is the prayer: *Forgive them, for they know not what they do*.

Lord Jesus, give to all of us to know the urgent need of saving souls. Give to our hearts the light of Thy Spirit to see the priceless souls that must be saved; to find the means to obtain their speedy ransom, and the strengthened will to spend ourselves in the service of Thy heathen sons.

**Cost what it may,—to save one soul,
Death or a lifelong toil for Thee—
Gladly I offer all I can.**

Lord, in Thy goodness, strengthen me.

It is appointed for all men to die, and after death the judgment.

Death to a Christian means seeing God face to face—God Whom, imperfectly and with many a slip, he has worshipped since childhood, God Whom he has loved with frequent repentance of his sins, and a real feeling of gratitude for His unceasing goodness.

But death to a pagan—what can it mean but facing a God Whom he has never known, nor loved, nor served? What can be sadder among

THE MARYKNOLL ANNUITY.

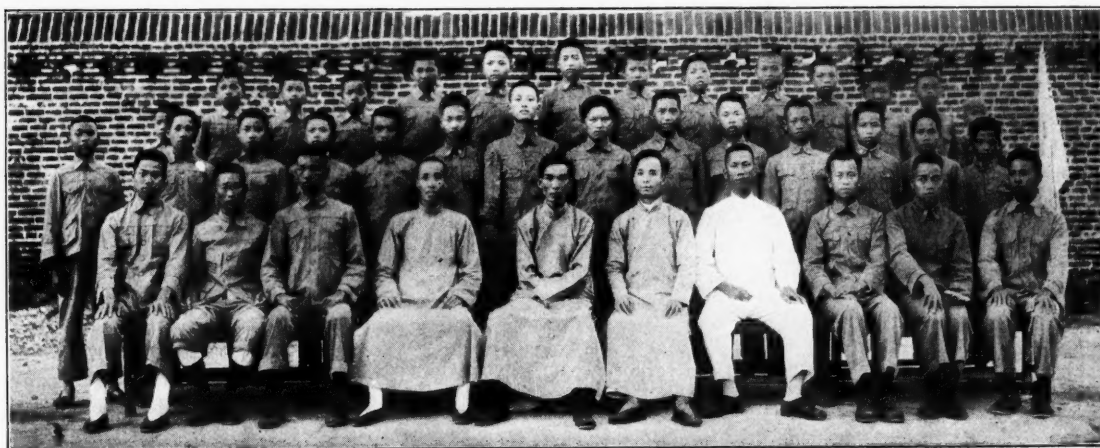
You have a world-wide heart with a small-town income. In other words, you would like to do something worth while for the missions, but you need the few thousand dollars which you have now in banks or elsewhere, giving you yearly or half-yearly interest which comes in handy. Will you go on drawing your four per cent, and leaving the principal to the State or to some who will probably make poor use of it? Or would you not consider the plan of sending it to Maryknoll, getting the assurance of at least five per cent, and knowing that after you go, the principal will be at the disposition of Maryknoll?

Why not let the Maryknoll treasurer worry about your Liberty bonds? You have only to transfer them to his keeping. And if you cannot afford, just now, to lose their income, the Maryknoll treasurer will send it to you as regularly as the yearly date comes around. This is what a Maryknoll Annuity does.

all earth's tragedies than the state of a pagan's soul at death? In his case, the entire plan of God's universe has been in vain.

The Communion of Saints and the company of the Holy Souls are beyond his reach unless we aid him. For how can he believe unless he hear, and how hear unless there be a preacher? Beyond all else, without comparison, is the mission of saving souls, especially the soul of the heathen.

(By Fr. Ford)



FATHER FORD'S SCHOOL AT YEUNGKONG.

Yeungkong Activities.

By Father Taggart

THE sisters have moved the grandmothers into their new home. The old ladies are as happy as youngsters and they ought to be. When the writer was young and had the healthy habit of eating great big meals, he was often told to thank God that Columbus discovered America. Well, the old women ought to thank God they discovered the sisters who are giving them the best home they ever had. This is not said with the condescending spirit of the fat red London Alderman who took a sip of poorhouse soup and smacked his lips and said, "This is mighty fine food for poor people." The old women have benefited materially and spiritually by the sisters' coming; I thought wonders had been worked in the orphanage, but a better job has been made out of the old folks' home. It is so clean, you can feel it.

Yeungkong has a new star in the tennis firmament. Mr. Pokie W. Wong, the new customs official, visited us yesterday and he just played rings around our star man.

A visitor came tonight and took the clock right off the school wall. Someone did the same thing in the Shanghai Court House recently, only the court was in session when it happened. If the fellow who stole the clock intends to regulate his life by it, he is in for a fast time. Last year, said clock was the cause of innumerable disputes between the pastor and the curate; thank goodness, it is gone.

Today, our kindergarten teacher took unto himself a spouse. He is a graduate of our school and has reached the hoary age of eighteen—pretty late for a Chinaman to take on the responsibilities of married life. The wedding looked like a school boys' party; all of "ours" were there, and the way they pitched into the free lunch was a caution. At supper time, all the students skipped a meal; they were like the little boy after the Thanksgiving dinner, who answered his father's

scolding by saying, "You can hit me and beat me, Pop, but for heaven's sake don't bend me."

The reports of the catechists are encouraging; every one could show substantial gains. Chiklung led the list with sixty new catechumens. Dead or alive, Father Hodgins is always a good worker.

This was a banner day. A few business men from Hoi-Ling Island called and they brought a list of three hundred and sixty-one heads of families who were petitioning for a catechist and a priest to instruct them in the Catholic religion. Figuring three members to a family, it means ten hundred and eighty-three people are willing to become Catholics. How many of them will persevere is another question; certainly many of them will. At the present writing, it looks as if there would soon be a big mission on beautiful Hoi-Ling.

Fr. Ford will visit the island and do all he can to encourage this new movement to the Church.

In the evening, the catechist came back from the mandarin's office with the good news that the mandarin is ready to be instructed.

The year 1922 is over; it was a blessed year. Our mission institutions have grown, our baptized Christians have increased in numbers, and a crop of catechumens, far beyond our expectations, has sprung up. We have built a large new convent, a new orphanage, and a new old folks' home. Already we have broken ground for the new Yeungkong Boys' School and plans are under way for a girls' academy. A dispensary is being built.

At Chiklung, a new mission has been started and enriched with the life of Father Hodgins. Already it promises to yield a great crop of Christians as soon as a priest can be spared to gather in the harvest. In each of the missions, there are signs of progress; no retrogression is to be noticed—for all of which we thank God and the good friends of the mission who have helped Maryknoll and ourselves to make the work here possible.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy Kingdom come in Yeungkong.

FROM A HONGKONG LETTER.

The Maryknoll Sisters in Kowloon are longing for "godmothers" or "godfathers." There are six of them and they feel rather orphaned without a "fairy godparent" over the seas in the homeland to help meet the material needs which are persistent even when one is willing to give all for Christ and His souls in China.

Will you help one sister for a month—\$25—or a year—\$250? It is a good investment—one that pays well now, but better in eternity.

A tea set—a pretty China one with a good design—came recently as a gift to one of the sisters and we learned that it was the result of milk labels. A little chap wanted to do something to help the "China Sisters," so he got from his mother and his mother's friends, coupons by which he secured our "best" tea set.

There is a new Maryknoll Circle in far-off China. In Kowloon each Saturday afternoon a group of girls gather at the Maryknoll Convent to sew for the Yeungkong mission needs. At present they are making jackets for the babies—little pink flannelette "saams," and little caps out of the scraps that are left. We shall send a sample of work some day when the need is not so urgent. They have their minds set, too, on making clothes for the old women.

This little group gives spiritual aid as well. Each day there is a visit to the Blessed Sacrament for the missions and at their meeting they say the Rosary after their mission reading.

Are they enthusiastic? Well, when it was suggested that sewing on Saturday afternoon might

For those who would remember Maryknoll in their wills, we print our legal title:—

Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Incorporated.

deprive them of time to go to the "movies"—and there are "movies" in Hongkong—the answer was: "Oh, this is better than any 'movie'."

The next opening for the Maryknoll Sisters in China, we are told, is Loting. Fr. McShane finds much of his time taken by his growing orphanage. Besides, there are old folks' homes, asylums for the blind, and probably a leper colony which he would like to establish; and he has hundreds of villages waiting, many of which have appealed for a catechist or offered him a school. So he must build a convent somewhere in town and invite the sisters. The convent with establishments for the blind, aged, and lepers connected with it, will cost the Father ten thousand good U. S. dollars. And those dollars are on the wrong side of the Pacific. But to see Fr. McShane going around arguing price with property owners in town, you would imagine he had only to pull a brick out of the fireplace and count out the money.

From Bandit-Land.

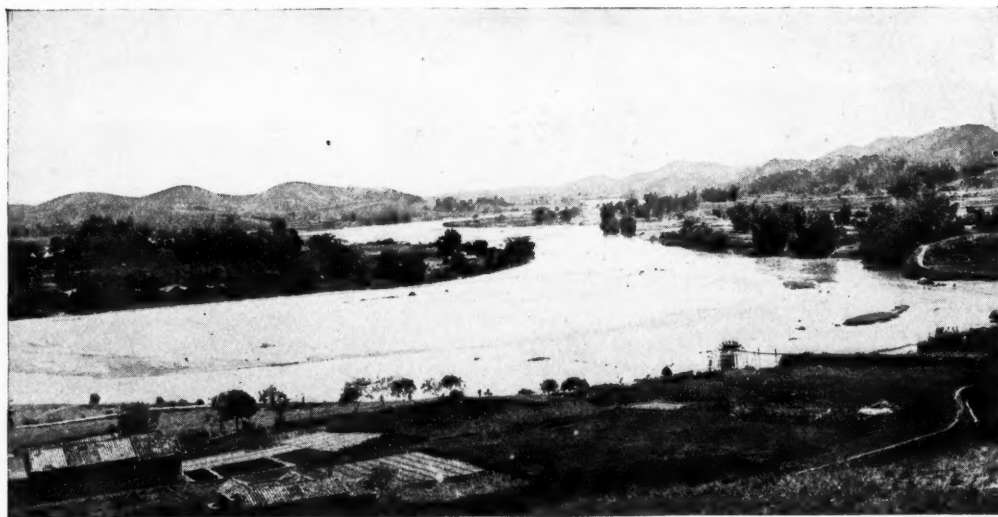
FR. WISEMAN, who, with Fr. Murray, is shepherding a scattered flock, cannot record the spiritual returns of other missions less disturbed. He knows, however, that patience is the watchword of a missionary and that God has His moment for each of us. From a recent communication written by Fr. Wiseman, we quote some paragraphs of special interest:

DEAR KNOLLERS:

The October FIELD AFAR gave me quite a shock when I saw the headline over the Pingnam Diary. It read like the heading one sees on the front page of the *Boston American* or *New York Journal* and surely bespoke the anxiety which you must have had for the Pingnam contingent. However, let me calm your fears, for it takes a little more than these yellow soldier-bandits to put two good men six feet below the sod. The only sad feature I have to record is the fact that my forehead has become higher and the few locks that remain are turning a grayish hue.

I was alone, some time ago, for two weeks, and was glad when a wire

came saying Fr. Walsh was en route and would arrive in a day or two. The sound of the boat whistle was a welcome one and I rushed down to the shore to meet my guest. The old Tin Fu crawled into port and I looked in vain for Fr. Walsh, but the Chinese told me there was a foreigner on board, so I hailed a sampan and started for the boat. He surely was a vision. In fact, he looked like a wreck on life's sea—and no wonder. Three days and three nights on a Chinese boat and living in a dingy cabin with three Chinamen who spent all their time smoking opium is enough to kill any white man. On reaching the house, I had the boys do some tall hustling and in no time everything was ready for a shave and shower; and while Fr. Walsh was performing those necessary operations, the cook was killing the fatted calf. It reminded me of the advice Fr. Gavan Duffy gave us once at the Knoll: "When a fellow missionary visits you, have plenty of canned goods on hand and give him a big dinner." Well, the cook outdid himself that night, and the dinner, together with a good sleep in a real bed, put Fr. Walsh in his usual good trim and he was



THE WEST RIVER, SOUTH CHINA.

They call it the Rhine of South China, but we Americans like to say it is the Hudson of China.

ready to swing a pick or an ax as occasion demanded.

Our mission superior came prepared to spend two months, but somehow or other, it took almost two weeks for our little dog "Jolie" to become reconciled to the fact that Fr. Walsh had come to stay; but once she grasped the idea, she set about to make friends with him and they soon became great pals.

Fr. Walsh's visit was crowned by a little trip we made to Nanning as the guests of Mr. D—, of the British American Tobacco Company. It was a four-day trip and we took advantage of the opportunity to drop in on our French confreres en route. Père Séosse was the first. He is a delightful old man and a real veteran of Kwangsi, for he has been in the province for thirty-eight years. We made no calls between Kweihsiens and Nanning, but sped right on to Kwangsi's capital. It was a beautiful sail, but I shall have to refrain from describing the beauties of the West River, as I could never do it justice. They call it the Rhine of South China, but we Americans like to say it is the Hudson of China. Be all that as it may, I must admit that in my humble opinion, when it comes to natural beauty, even our far-famed Hudson must bow in submission to the West River.

We reached Nanning about noon of the fourth day. Bishop Ducoeur knew we were coming and sent his catechist to meet us. The Bishop greeted us in his usual affectionate manner, and surely made us feel how happy he was that we took the opportunity to visit him. On looking at him, one cannot help but realize he is a man who has gone through great trials and suffered much. None of China's bishops are walking through life on a path of roses, but judging from the history of Kwangsi, I honestly believe that its bishop has had the fewest consolations of any.

One day after our return, a messenger arrived with the news that Père Séosse was very ill. We started overland the next morning. It was a hard trip, as the day was hot and the chairs had no tops on them. For nine hours we had the tropical sun pouring down on us. We found Père Séosse in bad condition and Fr. Murray started im-

mediately to relieve his sufferings. There was only one thing to do—namely, get him to Hongkong and to a hospital. Père Heraud, another Kwangsi veteran, arrived the following day and managed to convince Père Séosse he would have to go.

The rest of the trip was quiet and I was glad when we landed at last in Pingnam. Jolie was there to greet us and jumped all over me and then went over to Mr. K—, thinking he was Fr. Murray, but when she found her mistake, she walked away disappointed.

Our chapel is getting to look like something. Outside, we have a concrete statue of Our Lady of Lourdes which has aroused the curiosity of the Chinese. Many have come in to see it, and to ask all about it.

We had a crib this year and it was a fine one in that we had ten figures for it. Those of you who know me will smile when I say I built the crib myself.

The day before Christmas, the Christians began to come in and I was really encouraged at the number. I spent most of the day in fixing up the chapel and arranging the figures in the crib. In the meantime, Mr. K—, a Catholic employee of the Standard Oil Company, was busy solving the lighting question for it. He got a small reflecting lamp from his motor boat and placed it in an empty oil tin which also served as a reflector, and the combination gave the desired effect of casting all rays on the central figures. The Christians were delighted with it and all told me they had never seen one before. It brought the whole idea of Christmas to them.

I had thirty Christians for the feast. Not many, I know, but a decided improvement over last year. We had Midnight Mass, and Mr. K—, all rigged out in cassock and surplice, served it.

I have spoken of Mr. K—. You can hardly appreciate what it means to have one of our own Catholic boys call as he did. The Chinese have an idea that all English-speaking people are Protestants. Just realize that point and then figure out what an excellent thing it was to have such a fine practicing Catholic around.

Everything is quiet now.

FATHER PRICE

Maryknoll is getting out a little volume of memorials of this beloved missionary.

Do you wish to secure a copy?

It is an attractive but inexpensive little book. The edition is limited. The price is one dollar, post-paid.

FATHER PRICE MEMORIAL FUND FOR CATECHISTS.

We are sure that nothing would please our late revered Father Price, cofounder of Maryknoll, as a memorial, more than the building up of a Memorial Fund for Catechists.

Father Price had hardly reached his field of labor when he wrote back urging the multiplication of Catechists.

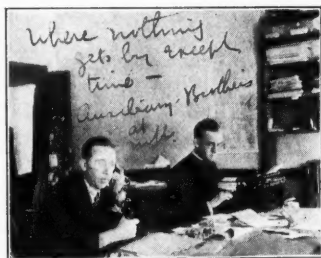
It is our desire, following the counsel of Rome, to provide foundations for mission enterprises. At present, the Father Price Memorial Fund has not reached its first thousand—which means that it does not yield fifty dollars a year.

A short life of Father Price has just appeared, and we are anxious, for other reasons than the building of a Memorial Fund, to spread it, but we hope that it will bring to the fund its much-needed impetus.

A CHANCE FOR YOU?

Again comes the chance for some organization, parish, sodality, circle, or for some individual to sponsor an outgoing missionary, at least for his or her voyage to the Orient. *Reservations have just been made to send out ten more Maryknollers this coming fall.* Five hundred and fifty dollars will supply the outfit and meet travel expense for each. We offer you or your organization one.

LETTER FROM FATHER FORD:



Secretarial work at the center would be similar to such work at home.

In our mission work, there is a big opportunity for young American brothers, both in the mission centers and in the more remote mission stations. There are schools to be staffed, institutions to be managed, secretarial positions in various departments, and much mission work now performed by priests which brothers could share.

In school work, the brothers could relieve the priests as head of the school system in a mission. This would mean the periodical visitation and examination of pupils in the several schools, the supervision of drill, sports, and singing, the keeping of records both educational and financial. In specialized schools—such as industrial or agricultural schools—it would require, in addition, a knowledge of the sciences taught. The brother, while not actually required to teach himself, should have at least a grasp of the rudiments taught. In English he should have more, for he may be often called on to take a class or two in that subject.

Secretarial work at the center would be similar to such work at home, but requiring also a knowledge of bookkeeping.

On the mission field, too, the brother could often take the place of the priest in making visitations,

Get that CATECHIST idea! A good catechist can easily mean a hundred good converts in a year. A small parish or even a Holy Name Society can give strong help to our missionaries by the support of one catechist.

examining catechumens, regulating practices, investigating new openings, superintending the construction of chapels, and handling the payroll.

But there are special qualifications that will make a brother valuable on mission work. He should be a young man, not over thirty-five; in good physical condition and willing to "rough it"; of a cheerful frame of mind; one who likes, and is liked by, boys; who can stand on his own feet and stand alone; and with some taste for study.

Such qualities are not hard to find in our American young men, and, coupled with the practical piety of clean hearts and a desire to help along God's cause in whatever way they can, they will guarantee the success of brothers in China.

This great need of brothers is growing daily, for our Catholic schools and institutions have an appeal for the Chinese and we lack men to staff them successfully. That the life suits the American character is evidenced by the men engaged in similar work for Protestant missionary bodies.

It is a curious pastime the world over, I suppose, but especially among the Irish, to read the obituary column in the papers. I happened this evening to pick up the last China Mission Year Book—the Protestant Directory of China—and my attention was called to the long list of death notices. A pencil and the elements of arithmetic I haven't forgotten, gave the following results:

The average Protestant minister in China, judging from this report, does twelve years of active work on the

missions, including the year of furlough. Of the forty-two deaths on the mission field reported, one-fourth died in the first three years, and one-third from the fourth to the tenth year. The ages at death are not always noted, but, at least, seven were under thirty years old.

That is not very cheerful reading when we consider that the greater number of Protestant missionaries are engaged in medical work, or are stationed near hospitals; that, too, their living conditions are certainly more comfortable than those of the average Catholic priest in China.

But a study of the Catholic Directory: "Les Missions de Chine" for 1921, is reassuring. Of the seventeen deaths recorded, the average life was fifty-seven years, with twenty-four spent on



A MARYKNOLLER.
Will he trim trees in China or Korea?

OUR STUDENTS.

Nearly fifty new students have joined us this year. Many are so placed that they hesitate to appeal to the folks at home for financial aid.

At the Seminary, no tuition is required, but each student has considerable incidental expense—clothing, books, etc. Student-Aid foundations are maintained to relieve such cases, and additions to these are most useful and acceptable.

Three thousand dollars will provide for the education, board, and personal expenses of one student entering our Preparatory College (The Venard) as a beginner, and finishing his course at Maryknoll as a priest.

the mission. Only one was under thirty years of age.

Has the Catholic Church a monopoly on a ripe old age, or is it living "à la chinoise" that accounts for the difference?

inscribed with invocations of the Litany of the Sacred Heart. Papal and Chinese flags draped the immense dwelling, and electric illumination at night made the scene picturesque. Besides the bishop and clergy, there were present the sub-



AT THE JESUIT EDUCATIONAL CENTER, SHANGHAI.

SHANGHAI LAYMEN.

Shanghai seems to be happily blest in its Catholic Chinese laymen. Such types as Mr. Lo Pa Hong and Mr. Tsu would do credit to any city. To these must be added a third, Dr. Paul Hou Ly Chong.

Dr. Hou is a convert of some twenty years, a Cantonese by birth, who settled in Shanghai to practice medicine. Blessed with comparative wealth, he has devoted his surgical talents to the poor of St. Joseph's Hospice.

He has recently built a home for himself and his family in the Chinese section of Shanghai. It dominates the entire section. Through the center of his new home he has built a massive column eighty-seven feet high, on which is placed a splendid statue of the Sacred Heart. This can be seen for miles around. Within the house is an attractive chapel where Bishop Paris celebrated Mass the day the house was dedicated.

The Catholic population of Shanghai made the day memorable. The neighborhood was decorated with banners

prefect, the chief of police, the director of education, and the president of the tribunal. Father Ou, a Chinese professor at L'Aurora University, preached, and a solemn Te Deum was chanted by the hundreds of invited guests.

It is inspiring to see how Chinese Catholics openly profess their Faith, and thereby create a Catholic atmosphere in the midst of pagan neighbors.

A movement that is spreading in China is the Crusade of Prayer to the Sacred Heart for China. It is fundamentally logical and simple in plan. The conversion of China depends on God's grace, and grace is gained through prayer. Just as Maryknoll in its beginnings was founded on a nation-wide appeal for prayers, so also

Our Society, incorporated under the laws of New York State, will accept gifts, large or small, in money, stocks, or bonds, agreeing to pay to the donor for life a reasonable income from the same.

Those of comparatively small means will by this arrangement probably obtain a better income than at present, while avoiding the risk and waste of a will contest. At the same time they will be furthering the cause of foreign missions. We invite correspondence on this subject and will gladly send further details.

China must look for its conversion through a legion of petitions.

The Crusade has wisely begun by circulating its appeal among the Chinese Christians, thereby developing a zeal that will react for good. Centers have been established, from which the Crusade has gradually spread. It has penetrated all China and now bids fair to be taken up earnestly in Europe and America.

The conditions are simple: The recitation thrice daily of the invocation: *Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy Kingdom come in China.* To this the following prayer may be added: *Sacred Heart of Jesus, we beseech Thee to delay no longer in banishing from the soil of China the demon and his evil spirits; have pity on the multitude of pagans and grant that they may soon enter into Thy Holy Church. Amen.*

The Crusade rightly realizes that "our wrestling is not against flesh and blood; but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of this darkness, against the spirits of wickedness in the high places." And prayer is our chief weapon against the darts of the evil one.

God grant the aim of the Crusade be soon realized, and His Kingdom come in China.

The number of chapels, altars, chalices, ciboria, and other needs at home and abroad is, after all, limited. The spiritual and moral development which takes vastly more money is unlimited. Stringless gifts enable us to push this work.

Noted at Hongkong.

Fr. X. cautiously tried a few Chinese words with me to see if my accent was as pure as his own, and he expressed satisfaction with my progress. —Fr. Y.

The above is from a Maryknoll missionary who was rising to forty when he began his career. Our theory until recently was that after thirty years of age it is difficult to *Chinese* our conversation. Perhaps this is true, but determination and perseverance can accomplish much, and Fr. Y. has both.

The little three-roomed cottage, across the bay from Hongkong, has been often bulging with Maryknollers gathered for retreat, or to receive new recruits; but it has also been tested by the outside brethren. Fifteen recently dropped in one day, most of them from arriving boats. Of these fifteen, ten were Jesuits—priests and scholastics; and all, including the Chinese, spoke English.

The cottage is a rented one, but we are angling to get a home of our own. We remember that Hongkong, like the Eternal City, was not built in a day.

Even the Chinese gardener in Hongkong aspires to write English. Here is a note received by a Maryknoll Sister from a hard-working Celestial who wished to rent a corner in the convent garden, where he could grow and sell his flowers:

Dear Madam:

I beg your kindness to let me have some place to stay in your gardine and I will plant flowers and also vegetable in your gardine. And I will look after your gardine and also give you flowers for your house if you will let me have it.

I do not have you any wages to look after your gardine and also your flowers for your house.

Your Obedient Servant,

Kiang Kee.

May we suggest the adoption of a catechist? A good catechist means the addition of at least one hundred adults to the fold of Christ every year.



MALY LOO.

Who likes the sisters, but is afraid to tell them so.

AS "CHIKLUNGSE" IMPRESSES A DOWN EASTER

The Standard Oil agent who took a look at Chiklung the other day is out from America only a few months.

He remarked, while lounging in our newly whitewashed room of all uses, that he wasn't surprised that the shrewd Southern Chinese are known as the "Asiatic Yankees."

We said we supposed he was thinking of their talent for bargaining.

No, it was more than that. It was the brevity and directness of their speech, their love for getting to the point with homely words, and their facility for not letting you see their views unless they chose.

He had one complaint. Why are these Chiklungers so perverse? Why should they continually use the same sounds in their speech as do Americans, and yet not mean the same thing? They say "K" in nearly every sentence, and are trying to say "he". Even more frequent is "Huyler", and they never heard of the famous candy, but want to express "yes". To them "four" is a fire, "hay" is to go, "hot" is to eat, "she" is a book, a fellow's "chin" is money and his "shin" is a boat. Their "go" is our tall, and our "high" their is.

But the kerosene man decided to say a good word for our Chiklungers. At least, he said, when we say "pay" they understand us, even when we aren't paying them, for they have the same sound for the same idea. The trouble is, they use that sound also for "skin".

We promised to make the natives see the light, provided he would give us a discount on kerosene.

The Delegate at Hongkong.

THE first Papal Delegate to China landed at Hongkong unannounced, but it did not take long for the country to wake up to his presence and to prepare welcomes for His Excellency, Archbishop Costantini. While at Hongkong, the Chinese Catholics organized a reception, on which occasion Mr. Tse Yat read an address from which we quote:

Long live the Pope! Long live the Holy See! Long live Your Excellency! O Father!

How propagation will be diffused in your new field!

Your Brilliancy shines in four directions,

Your virtues are endless.

Reverend is the Apostolic Delegate

Whom Our Holy Father has chosen

With profound ability and far-reaching knowledge.

Your character and qualifications surpass the ordinary.

Whilst your carriage conveys you here To spread ecclesiastic doctrines to those well disposed and promising,

We, one and all revere you,

By expecting a tie binding us still closer.

Boundless is the world,

The Holy Church becomes daily prosperous.

Without differences between China and foreign nations,

All nationalities are in peace and union.

Oh! Draw us to God,

So long as the mountains tower so high And seas continue their ceaseless running.

It is not unheard of that WILLS go by default occasionally. Some good man in Ohio, for example, will draw up a will and include among his beneficiaries the CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY of AMERICA, Incorporated, and we might never learn of the existence of the will. Furthermore, with no interested person to push our claim, we might never see the intended gift.

We suggest, therefore, that testators notify us if we happen to be among their fortunate beneficiaries.

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Six years' subscription.....\$5.00

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(Membership in the Society is included
with all subscriptions.)*

**TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD**

"DO your missionaries feel lonely in the out-of-the-way cities of China?" a correspondent writes.

The real missionary finds work to occupy him wherever he may be. In China, if this district is at peace, he can be busy every moment with his work, especially if he is fairly well backed financially. If his district is upset and his flock scattered, he can turn his attention to the study of the language and to other ways of preparing himself better for the opportunities that lie ahead. The great cities in China do not appeal to a strong missionary spirit. They are enervating, especially because of contact with Westerners.

EVIDENTLY Buddhist priests have not lost their influence in Japan. The Government had decided on a representation at the Vatican, and the public was too indifferent to oppose the move; but the Bonzes (Buddhist priests) number 50,000 and they threatened to stir up the entire population. Their threats seem to have had an effect.

Till now, in our generation, the

Don't worry every year about paying your subscription for The Field Afar. Send five dollars for six years, or fifty dollars for life.

Bonzes in Japan have antagonized the Catholic Church very little; but the proposed representation at the Vatican has been seized by them as a pretext for attack, and, as these gentlemen know the strength of calumny, some trouble is anticipated.

NOW is the time of the seeding. There is scratching and plowing of mother Earth going on all over the land. And how little thought we give it—though comfort, and, perhaps, life itself through the next winter may depend on what our farmers are doing now. Were they to quit work this spring, how many thousands of our people would perish of want! A look at Russia will show what consequences may flow from the neglect of the seeding time.

Now is the time of the seeding in the Maryknoll missions. It is a time that must not be neglected. If the Catholic life of that portion of God's earth is to continue, if those fields are to bear their fruitage unto eternal life, labor and sacrifice must be mingled in that soil now.

IN his acknowledgment of a reception tendered to His Excellency in Hongkong, the new Apostolic Delegate to China emphasized the fact that his presence expressed the great admiration of the Holy Father for China and for its old civilization. His Excellency alluded to the desire of Pope Pius XI for the conversion of all China, as the Holy Father is persuaded that China, once converted, will make one of the noblest nations on the earth.

The Delegate added that the Holy Father is aiming to intensify and coordinate the work of all Catholic missionaries in China, and to have the Chinese themselves take a larger and more important share in the evangelization of their countrymen by supplying numerous recruits for the priesthood, and also for the religious orders of men and women de-

voted to the great works of education and charity.

WE did pretty well in our latest attempt to interest Catholic Colleges in the education of some Asiatic boys. Some generous offers came and some very encouraging letters. One of our shots hit the mark,—the President of a Jesuit School—but returned laden with the following:

"It has occurred to me that it might be possible to establish a sort of school annex to Maryknoll, New York, in which these Chinese students might be provided for by the contributions of the faithful. The seminarians themselves and some of the Fathers could undertake the teaching. I am sure that such an establishment at Maryknoll would give a new impetus to the desire of Catholics to help the Chinese Mission and the necessary contributions would follow. Even our boarding colleges, now-a-days are filled to overflowing.

I regret very much that my reply must contain little encouragement, but I am sure that Almighty God will reward your own zeal and the zeal of your fellow laborers in the vast vineyard of China by happily solving the present difficulty.

THE Church in the United States has again its Apostolic Delegate from the Holy See. And again, as in the case of Cardinal Bonzano, the Delegate comes directly from Propaganda, the powerhouse of Catholic Missions.

Archbishop Fumasoni-Biondi has left the important position of Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide; but prior to that appointment, His Excellency had been Delegate successively to India and Japan. Even today, in these countries, his name is revered and his splendid missionary zeal attested to by all—and they were many—who had the pleasure of receiving him in their mission centers or outposts. Remote missions, with their attendant difficulties of

Money sent as a gift is not applied to a Field Afar Subscription renewal unless so requested by the sender.

travel, accommodation, and sustenance, meant nothing to the new Delegate now settled in Washington, D. C.

The Church in the United States has a worthy successor to the much-loved Cardinal Bonzano.

✕ ✕

IN the *Nation*, Mr. Lowe Chuan-Hwa has written, under the caption *The Christian Peril in China*, that his countrymen's "acceptance of the Christian faith is not reasoned, and that conversion has been inflicted" on them.

"They are," he says, "with a few exceptions, not interested in Christianity as a religion," but rather in the fact that it is "the religion of those nations which have ably developed science and physical power, and, by possession of these things, have humiliated them in their political struggles." Mr. Lowe believes, further, that Christianity in China is neither stable nor respectable.

Mr. Lowe's estimate does not prove the fact. There are many Chinese—some with his own name, or resembling it—who would strongly dispute his statement; and there is a record of thousands of Chinese, who, in our own generation, have freely and deliberately chosen to die rather than deny the faith of Christ. These souls were certainly interested in Christianity as a religion.

✕ ✕

OCCASIONALLY we see in foreign magazines references to missionaries who have been rewarded for *extending the influence* of their respective countries. Knowing Catholic missionaries as we do, we are convinced that, as a rule, they do not purposely labor to receive the commendation of their governments. Indirectly and in spite of themselves they are at times not only a credit but a pronounced asset to their country of origin. This is so true that, as the world knows, priests on the missions have at times been helped by their own home governments while their confrères at

home were under persecution.

We confess, however, to a feeling of disappointment when we note a disposition in the European Catholic press to boast of rewards meted out by foreign governments to the priests who have been extending their *sphere of influence*. We hope that American missionaries in the field will mind their "Father's business" and that they are striving to follow the Master's command, "Going therefore, teach ye all nations." If incidentally, their own country is benefited, they are entitled to satisfaction in the thought, unless an unfavorable reaction threatens their own self-sacrificing work.

✕ ✕

A CATHOLIC University is badly needed in South China and there is a glorious opportunity for some American College to start one. Vision and capital for investment would realize this need. Several non-Catholic Universities have set up their branches in China and are well satisfied with their venture.

For lack of Catholic educational facilities in that country, our coreligionists there are set down as an unlettered class; and, until recently, an "American Catholic" was to the Chinese—and is yet to many—a contradiction in terms. Is it not high time to impress upon China and the Chinese the twofold fact that there *are* American Catholics and that the Catholic Church is the highest kind of educator?

As the above lines dropped into the basket, a circular turned up from the *Syracuse-In-China* Association. It is an appeal to the alumni of Syracuse (N. Y.) University to support a team of (Protestant) men and women graduates who have gone to West China to extend medical, educational, and religious work. The medical work is occupied with a large hospital; the educational work, with a high school (250 students); and the religious work—well, that "now awaits a religious director and other workers

The sentence: "Charity begins at home," is decidedly worn out. A truer one is: "Selfishness remains at home." Charity has no limits. It brought God from Heaven to earth. It sends His missionaries, fired with his spirit, to every quarter of the globe and into every kind of hardship and sacrifice.

Report of Indian and Negro Missions.

from Syracuse."

Bravo! Syracuse. And when can we say of some Catholic Educational Institution doing similar work, "Bravo!?"

✕ ✕

IN these columns, on a former occasion, the fact was stated that there are Japanese who believe that their greatest enemies, in this country, are Catholics. This statement brought recently from Japan the following letter, written by a well-informed Catholic priest residing in that country:

A Japanese business man who recently returned from the United States says that one of the chief enemies of Japan is ———, a Catholic; and that on the Pacific Coast, most of the laborers hostile to the Japanese are Catholics.

Now we happen to know that the individual named is not a practicing Catholic. Doubtless there are anti-Japanese among the Catholic workers on the Pacific Coast, not because they are Catholics, but because they "follow the crowd" and the "crowd" just now, is anti-Japanese; but the "crowd" is certainly not Catholic in its majority. The Japanese question is a political, not a religious one. Every religious leader of the Catholic Church in every diocese along the Pacific Coast, by word and example, manifests towards the Japanese, as towards all other races, the open heart of the truly Catholic prelate or priest.

✕ ✕

☺

Hey! John, I want to tell you something.

And when he whispered:
"I'm from Maryknoll," the
boy lost his cue with glee.



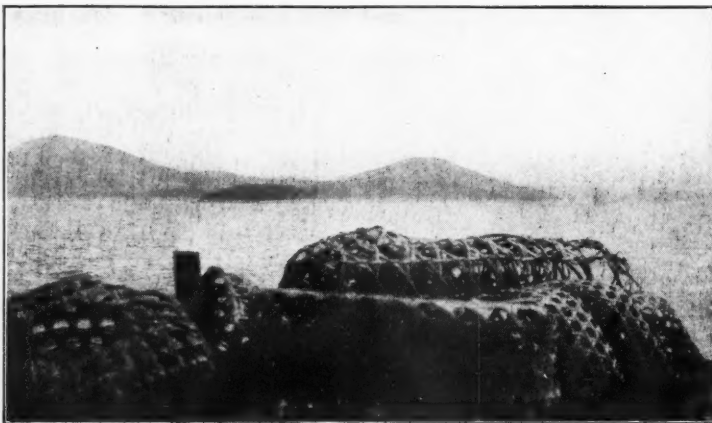
That First Junk Trip.

FIELD AFAR readers already know that the first group of Maryknoll Sisters has already gone through the mill. Sister Paul, Superior at Hongkong, accompanied these, and after seeing them settled, returned to her own flock. She has chronicled the return trip in a diary sent to the Home Convent:

Good-bys to the six pioneers were said quickly and the party, including several from the mission compound, started down "Divination Alley" and along "Main Street" to the water edge. The morning was quiet and only a few pigs scampered across the sidewalks, and very few heads appeared at the open shops. We were early.

The baggage—two Chinese baskets which contained all the household furniture one needs for two days on a junk—had slipped along ahead of us on a bamboo pole carried on the shoulders of a woman. It was on a sampan before us, and right here began acrobatic stunts characteristic of the voyage. Our sampan was not the first at the foot of the quaint stone stairway at the end of the street, but it was necessary to walk the planks between three to get to our little bobbing boat. We settled down—after a few bobbings—for a drift of an hour down the Yeungkong waterway to where the junk lay anchored. The morning was cool and not a sound broke the deep silence that hung over the water.

The junk came into view and there



LOOKING TOWARD SANCIAN ISLAND.

The bamboo crates are empty, but will be filled on a return trip with pigs and ducks.



ON THE SOUTH CHINA SEA.

Sit where and when you can, and be thankful.



BETWEEN DUTIES.

Getting "full up" on rice and "fixins."

was life around it. Loaded sampans were there in threes and fours around the edge, each one busy transferring cargo. It was the same old junk on which we had made the down trip, so it was somewhat familiar. However, there was a difference. The crates which had come with us were no longer empty. There they were, piled close around, and blocked the stairway, and the pink noses of the members of the pig family that occupied them were resting contentedly between the bamboo slats. And to get aboard the junk, it was necessary to "manage"—across two sampans—to swing up to the side of the boat over the "piggies" and around a pole past the kitchen,



IN THE DINING SALOON.
First and third class.



TABLE D'HÔTE, AL FRESCO.
Our meals were cooked, not in the Chinese kitchen, but by the "boy."

where "chow" was getting ready, to the cabin—a square room with four shelves, a square hole of a window, and a sliding door that refused to stand up straight or to close all the way. But a door makes little difference to a Chinaman and one room is as good as another for his use. This cabin was next to the "kitchen"—in the open space of which was built a wood fire, and here were cooked all manner of Chinese delicacies. The cook, or the cook's boy, evidently considered our cabin the very best place to keep his pots and dishes. So whenever he had a few customers for rice, he slid open the door, without a knock or warning, and reached under the shelves for his pile of bowls. He was unobtrusive,

though; he took what was his and went his way.

The shelves, covered with blankets and a Chinese quilt, made a comfortable enough bed, and, as there was no place then on deck nor in the cabin to sit down, we did the only thing possible—went to bed for a while. The junk was scheduled to start at eleven in the morning, and this would get us back to Hongkong in time for Mass on the feast of the Immaculate Conception of our Lady. Before noon, the crates of ducks were piled high on the upper deck, and then out into the muddy water pushed the little tug and we followed after, rolling along.

When we learned that a little space on deck, about two feet square, was cleared of ducks, we went "topside." Duck feathers were abundant and they blew in all directions, but there was air and we looked out over ducks to the coastline. It is bare and barren—not interesting after knowing Maryknoll's views—and there is not a suggestion of cleanliness in the water. Chinese crept up the steep ladder—we had had to climb it—and fed the ducks occasionally. There were great scrambles in the cages for food, and more than one duck was trampled to death in the struggle.

Our meals were cooked, not in the Chinese kitchen, but by the "boy," who is an essential part of the "retinue" with which one must travel in the interior. However, meals cause very little extra work. The constant flurries of duck feathers, plus the incessant



FATHER FORD AND A MOVIE OPERATOR.
One seems to be worried about others; the other is sorry he came.

"quack," and the good healthy rolls of the junk through the South China Sea, are not conducive to course dinners. A little soup and a cracker are more than enough.

Night came down early and it was very dark. A little oil lamp was hung on the hook in our cabin, but there was a choice between having an open window with no light or a closed one with a feeble flicker. The fresh air won out. Light did drift in through the goodly sized cracks in the board walls—unsteady light from the sputtering fire in the kitchen, but it did not come alone. Smoke, plus odors—Chinesey ones—came, too. There was a flashlight in one of our baskets, but, perversely enough, it could not be found; so we curled up in our *min tois* in the dark, and, only occasionally, when the roll was a little more severe than usual, were we conscious that we were not within our convent walls.

The next morning showed that we had made good time and that there was no question of not getting into Kongmoon early enough to catch the night boat to Hongkong. The coffee and crackers went down less reluctantly than the night before. Even the ducks seemed eager for the end of the journey as we climbed up to our little space between the crates.

Before noon we ran along the prettiest part of our ride—the fruit belt just above Kongmoon. There were Chinese oranges in abundance on their tiny trees, and a beautiful grove of chunky pineapple trees; and the lights and shadows through their aisles were restful and brought the thought that the "groves were God's first temples."

Kongmoon was reached shortly after twelve o'clock, and soon the women baggage coolies pushed their way into the cabins, eager to earn a few *ts'in*. From every corner came sleepy Chinamen yawning and stretching, and rolling up their beds. The ducks, too, were getting off. Soon they would quack their last, but it would have been more peaceful if they had done this at the beginning of the journey.

Once again began the acrobatic stunts. From the junk we dropped—

and it was literally a drop—into a sampan that was none too close nor none too steady, and we pushed off to the little tug that was to take us part way to the Kongmoon boat. Here was another chance to show skill in climbing, but, skill or no skill, we had to get up over the side, and we did.

One more drop into a sampan that brought us to the bund, and we were on solid earth for ten minutes before we got on the Kongmoon boat. And the Kongmoon boat—an ordinary river steamer—looked palatial, and many things which ordinarily would pass unnoticed made us remark mentally on the "immaculate cleanliness."

We docked the next morning before daybreak, and as soon as it was light made the final trip across the harbor to Kowloon, which, too, presented a "swept and garnished" appearance.

LEST YOU FORGET.

Sixty-eight rooms have been taken in our New Seminary. All of these are students' cubicles and, so far, no one has applied to memorialize himself, or herself, or his or her relative, by taking a classroom or the conference hall. We are happy to feel that Maryknoll is no one-man's gift.

How do you apply stringless gifts? a friend asked. And the answer, only partially complete, is: food, light, heat, power, repairs, and a hundred needs that don't appeal, at least, to the average benefactor.

Another question—we don't mind them in the least if they are kindly put—was, *What does it cost to publish THE FIELD AFAR?*

We cannot say exactly, although we expect to know soon; but we believe that seventy-five cents a year might cover it substantially, for each subscription. With 112,000 subscriptions, this means about \$84,000.

We could save a few thousand out of this if all our subscribers were prompt payers.



MARYKNOLL SEMINARY
SPECIAL PRIVILEGES.

Those who give one hundred dollars or more towards the erection of the new Maryknoll Seminary may themselves be enrolled, or may enroll a relative or friend, living or dead, as a Perpetual Associate Member in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America.

This privilege can be secured on request and our patrons are encouraged to make it.

Five hundred dollars will suffice for the dedication of a student's room in the New Seminary. On the door will be encased a memorial tablet. Sixty-eight rooms are already taken. Will you dedicate one?

American priests maintain their reputation as the most generous friends of Maryknoll. One wrote lately, after the visit of an aspirant Maryknoll missionary, "If he makes another trip to this city it will be the Little Sisters of the Poor for me."

In New York City, Maryknoll has what is called a Procure—a house of passage for Maryknoll priests and a purchasing center. A Maryknoll Auxiliary Brother is there and arrangements can be made for interviews with a Maryknoll priest.

Aspirants to the apostolate, those at least who live within a convenient distance of New York City, can arrange for personal interviews at the city house, and avoid the longer trip to Ossining, thirty miles north.

Subscription to *THE FIELD AFAR* or *The Maryknoll Junior* will also be received at the Procure.

If every gift had a string, we should be tied to a post. Let yours be such that it can be placed where it can do the most good.

On the Knoll.

THE Seminary Dormitory, with its overhead lighting designed for library purposes in the more or less far distant future, will linger long in the memory of students now occupying it. The dormitory has sixteen snow-white curtained cubicles, and every occupant has enough room to sit down, to lie down, to dress, and to turn around. What more does any traveler in China need for rest and scribbling? And if an aspirant apostle is lucky enough to own a typewriting machine, extra room is always at hand.

Typists are not infrequent in the student body, by the way, but the fact is that any and every student, with even one eye on the mission field, should be able to pound out his or somebody's thoughts, with a piece of carbon paper as an indispensable adjunct. More important than a victrola and more effective in lasting results is this thumping spreader of ideas, facts, and fancies.

And what a blessing to some men's friends is the "trick" of typewriting! Even theological students, in these days, lack the ability to write legibly, and, if this be their unfortunate condition, think of the scores who later on would be their victims.

Of course, there is such a thing as getting so much attached to a typewriter that one, who has no occasion to sign checks for example, will forget how to write even his own name. We have, in fact, a Maryknoll typist—a professor—who can still write his name, but who often forgets to do so, and his lapse of memory is, doubtless, due to a positive dislike for pen and ink. His are not the kind of thoughts that flow. They dance, or jump out of him according to the condition of his springs—within and without.

The Maryknoll about which little is said for lack of time is Maryknoll-on-the-move. Like the sands of the sea have been shifts



WHERE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE AND COMPLAINTS RECEIVE FIRST AID.

at the Maryknoll center, and as the tides come and go there will be other shifts. These are not serious, however, although they disturb a few clams, but even these make no remonstrance. Before long, we hope to move the last of the Seminary belongings

from the old farm house to the pile of stone across the fields.

Already, what is left of a once-honorable wagon has taken away the special library, and the dear old homestead cries out in abandonment. Even the cellar is being stripped, and, between pushing



THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR'S EXCLUSIVES.

and pulling, future apostles are gently conveying, without a special permit, our altar wine and vinegar to the rock cellar that is now ready to receive it.

Until the sisters take control, the Pro-Seminary will be guarded by two worthies—both Auxiliary Brothers, whose full day is occupied between telephone calls, Sunday account books, and produce agents.

These two live in the hope of transferring their effects and affections to the Chinese shore, but just now they are badly needed at the home base.

At the New Seminary, it is—*poco a poco*. Improvements are the order of the day, but they crawl, necessarily. Friends come and note changes that are scarcely perceptible to us. But we have had so much for which to be grateful—heat especially, and a sheltered cloister walk through this long winter, that we hardly dare hint at impatience to “finish the job.” And now the paths are cleared of snow again, and, over dry cinders, we may cross by the aisle of stately pines to the home of THE FIELD AFAR and of its ambitious young brother, *The Junior*—or again, beyond to St. Theresa's and the convent chapel.

The Santa Fe Railroad brought back to the Middle-West our venerable representative from Los Angeles. We speak of Fr. Kress, a hardened traveler, to whom a ride across the Rockies is a joy, whether it be in a dusty auto or in the comfortable care of the road that breaks the journey with its chain of well equipped station restaurants.

Fr. Kress made a short stay at the motherhouse of Maryknoll, and within a few days was talking FIELD AFAR in the diocese of Pittsburgh.

Send for a two years' subscription to *The Maryknoll Junior*. One dollar for the two years—at present.

Maryknoll-at-Home Needs

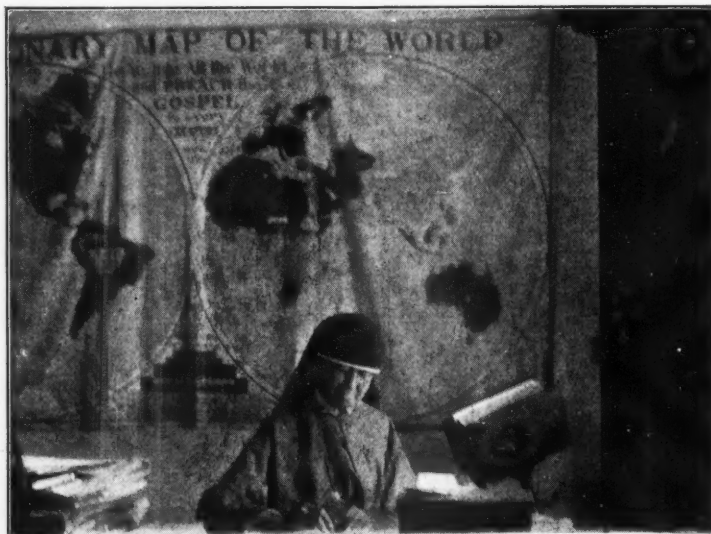
- \$25,000 for the Library of New Seminary.
- \$12,000 for the Kitchen of New Seminary.
- \$10,000 for the Refectory of New Seminary.
- \$ 6,000 for a Student Burse including personal needs.
- \$ 6,000 for a Class Room in the New Seminary.
- \$ 5 will bring you THE FIELD AFAR for 6 years.
- \$ 1 will secure for you yearly membership in C. F. M. S. with THE FIELD AFAR; it will buy 100 feet of Maryknoll land, or a Maryknoll Chi Rho Pin, or a Maryknoll dollar book.
- \$.50 will obtain for you the spiritual advantages of a yearly membership in C. F. M. S., or THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR for one year.
- \$ 5,000 for a Student Burse.
- \$ 1,000 for the Infirmary in New Seminary.
- \$ 1,000 for a Private Chapel in New Seminary.
- \$ 800 for a Faculty Room in New Seminary.
- \$ 500 for a Students' Room in New Seminary.
- \$ 50 will secure for you Perpetual Membership in C. F. M. S., and THE FIELD AFAR for life.
- \$ 5 will lay a stone in the New Seminary.

THE FIELD AFAR subscription department has no paid agents. It offers no premiums other than its own publications and emblems. Anyone soliciting subscriptions personally or by mail, unless credentials can be shown from the Maryknoll center or from one of its branches, or unless authorized by ecclesiastical authority, should be reported directly to Maryknoll or to the local pastor.

JAPANESE IN NEW YORK.

Bishop Berlioz of Hakodate, Japan, who has made New York City, and occasionally Maryknoll, his headquarters, while in quest of funds, is always on the lookout for Japanese Catholics or for possible converts. He has ministered in the hospitals to some and seeks to organize all into a Japanese Club with headquarters at the Maryknoll Procure, 410 E. 57th St., N. Y. C.

If you know of any Catholic or would-be Catholic Japanese, drop a line to the Bishop or to the Maryknoll superior.



This is a Catholic Sister, a Maryknoller, with the background of a Protestant Mission Map of the world. She is one of several who can decipher the hieroglyphics of the Number One Editor of THE FIELD AFAR.

Venard Notes.



SPRING AT THE BROOK.

THE astronomers tell us that spring arrives officially March 21. At the Vénard, it is sometimes ahead of schedule, sometimes behind it; but by this time, "the winter, long and dark, is flying," and the feel of spring begins to be in the air. Ice has long since been harvested and packed away in sawdust; farm machinery has been overhauled and put into shape for use; seeds and fertilizers are on hand, and when spring does come . . . ! What a hustling and bustling all over the place! Everyone wants "an outside job" on the manual labor squads. Many become fearful for their future health if they are not immediately relieved of such tasks as sweeping and cleaning, and put to pruning trees, mending fences, clearing up the trash which has accumulated under the snow, and scattering fertilizer on the fields.

Not much has been done yet in the way of planting—Jack Frost has a habit of playing a late season return engagement in the Poconos—but the early stages of preparing the ground are in progress, hotbeds have been set up and started, and already visions of early spring radishes, lettuce and other "greens" dance through the heads of the big family at the Preparatory College.

With the passing of the snow and ice, we used to be told to look out for "germs" which lurk in the melting water. There is one which seems very violent, about this time, and nearly every boy in the school shows symptoms of having been attacked by it. Some have very bad cases, some have been pronounced hopelessly incurable; with others it takes a milder form, but none seem completely immune. Reports come that several of the priests have also been severely affected. As this germ can live only in mild weather, we thought it was frozen out during the winter, but no, the mild epidemic which broke out shortly after the opening of College in the fall, is back with trebled virulence. The disease? Baseball, of course!

IN THE HOMES OF MARTYRS

BY THE SUPERIOR OF MARYKNOLL

Describing a series of visits to the home-land and home-folks of five young missionary martyrs of the past century.

Entertaining and inspiring. Mission lovers, and those you wish to interest in missions, will read these essays with pleasure and profit.

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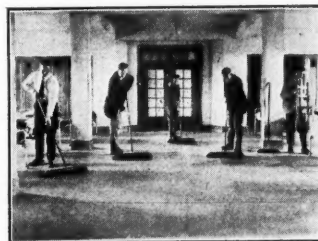
THE FIELD AFAR OFFICE :: :: MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

Just now the records of favorites in the "big leagues" are being discussed heatedly, but soon we shall be staging some championship games of our own. No, there is no over-abundance of equipment and our young apostles would be deeply grateful for some of the needed things. As to what is acceptable—"ask Dad; he knows!"

There have been several new arrivals in the dairy herd during the winter months. They are all happy, frisky, and growing well—except one, which served for a Sunday dinner not long ago. His lot was one for which many a youthful missionary has prayed, that he might give his life for the missions—though in this case it was somewhat indirectly. By the way, it takes more than sixty pounds of veal roast to serve us for one meal.

We have been very fortunate during this past winter in being able to secure enough fuel with which to keep warm. On account of the strike, we were unable to lay in our supply last spring, and although we are right in the center of the anthracite region,

many of our neighbors have had difficulty in securing coal. This reminds us that now is the time to lay in next winter's supply in order to get it at the most advantageous price. We have



IN THE VÉNARD DORMITORY.

good sized coal pockets, and they ought soon to be filled. A year's supply of coal for the Vénard costs \$2,167, or about \$25 for each boy in the school. Would you not like to keep one of these budding missionaries warm next winter?

HELP TO SPREAD THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR

Inquiries for sample copies come daily and are invariably followed with orders—usually in quantities.

Think of it! A high class magazine—ten issues for fifty cents; forty cents in quantities.

Teachers in Parochial Schools and Sunday Schools will find a friend in The Maryknoll Junior.

Send a Postcard for a Sample Copy.

Address: THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR, Maryknoll, N. Y.

University Exhibit.

FROM Maryknoll-at-the-Catholic University came an interesting description, a short while back, of articles from mission lands in the university museum. They are not many, but the collection is interesting, and the curator, Doctor Butin, expresses the hope that when permanent quarters are given the museum, a mission section will be provided. A World Catholicity Exhibit, embracing evidences of the Church struggling, suffering, and triumphant in all quarters of the globe, with collections throwing light on the religions and customs of mission lands, would certainly be a fitting department in a national university museum.

Japan has a god of wisdom there, and some hangings, and pottery. The most precious article of all, however, in the eyes of the mission lover, we leave mention of till last. It is an original signboard from Japan, of about the date 1741, bearing the edict of proscription against the Christians. Captain Hayashi, a Japanese Catholic, brought it as a gift to Bishop Shahan, rector of the university, from Fr.

Perrin, a missionary of Kobe, Japan.

Christianity was forbidden in Japan from the middle of the seventeenth century to the middle of the nineteenth century. No foreigner, during this time, could land within the realms, unless he first apostatized. Notices of proscription, similar to the one in the museum, were still to be seen when the Westerners arrived in 1858.

A translation of the edict runs as follows: (The heavy rewards and the method of placing the responsibility for its thorough enforcement are worthy of notice)

The Christian religion has already been prohibited for many years. Everyone who gives ground for suspicion must be denounced. The following rewards are hereby announced:

To the informer against a priest, 500 pieces of silver.

To the informer against a brother, 300 pieces of silver.

To the informer against a relapse, 300 pieces of silver.

To the informer against a guest or ordinary Christian, 100 pieces of silver.

If the informer is himself a guest or a coreligionist (Christian) he will receive 500 pieces of silver.

The chief of the section and the

RELIGION of the PRIMITIVES

An extremely interesting story of the beliefs of primitive peoples in the Dark Continent of Africa

by His Grace,

the Most Rev. Alexander Le Roy,

Superior General of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost

This study is the result of the Archbishop's close observation as a missionary. Price \$2.50. Postage extra. Copies on hand at

THE FIELD AFAR OFFICE, Maryknoll, N. Y.

group of five families of the district concerned will be punished jointly with the concealer if the whereabouts of the culprits is discovered otherwise than through them.

Second year of Tineva, fifth moon, June, 1682.

THE GOVERNOR.

Let all the inhabitants of the province obey this order.

Koide Mondo.

SHOULD YOU "BE ASKING."

Exiles far from their home-base can make good use of even the crisp of bacon. Here are some model cuts:

\$5,000	for land to serve as a center.
\$3,000	for a catechist burse.
\$1,500	for a native-student burse.
\$1,500	for a small dispensary.
\$1,000	for schools (boys' or girls').
\$1,000	for a priests' house.
\$1,000	for a chapel in good brick.
\$500	for outfit and travel expenses of a priest to Asia.
\$500	for outfit and travel expenses of a sister to Asia.
\$300	for the personal support of one missionary for a year.
\$180	for the year's support of a catechist.
\$100	for the yearly travel expenses of one missionary.
\$100	for the year's support of a native student.
\$15	for month's support of a catechist.
\$1	for a day's support of a missionary.



A LEAF FROM LAST FALL WHEN A MARYKNOLLER VISITED SEATTLE.

Maryknoll-in-Seattle.

MARYKNOLL-IN-SEATTLE CHAPEL has been blessed by the number of Baptisms that have been received there in the past year—to be exact, thirteen in ten months.

One of those baptized was an adult who received the name of Patrick. Upon his arrival from Japan, some years ago, he adopted the name of Patrick and "Pat" he has been since then to all his friends and acquaintances. He married a Catholic wife six years ago in the rectory of St. Patrick's Cathedral, N. Y. In May, of last year, when he was received into the Church, his deep love for St. Patrick made the choice of the Saint's name a foregone conclusion. He is a monthly communicant and a student of Catholic teaching and doctrine. Much reading is done daily along these lines, now that he is inactive through illness. He is very happy when the priest or the sisters visit his bedside and encourage him with stories of Our Lord's great sufferings and of the happy resurrection for all those who follow Him. What a contrast are the trials of this long illness of a Christian, to the dark dread of the Pagan who faces death!

Help us to bring more of these souls to God, by prayer, first, and by an alms out of the abundance that God gives to you.

Our school is dedicated to the Holy Child. We should like a 3-foot statue of the Divine Child for the classroom. Perhaps some school children would be glad to send one to our destitute little ones. A statue with the little hand raised in blessing over our children would be an inspiration to them. Their childish lips would be taught to say: "Divine Son of Mary, bless us and bless our benefactors."

A 3½-foot statue of the Sacred Heart would find a place in our chapel and would win many prayers for the kind donor.

We had a passing visit recently from the Rev. Walter Cain, of Mill Hill, Eng., a missionary at Iloilo, P. I. Fr. Cain is a firm advocate of Medical Missions.

In our Home for Japanese children we have benefited by the generosity of the Mellin's Food Company, of Boston. Twice, within a year, it has sent us, gratis, a supply of the Food, to build up weak and ailing babies who have come under our care.

Have you a Mite Box to catch your sacrifice offerings for the missions? The Maryknoll Mite Box is simple, neat, appealing. A post card request will bring one to you.

At Los Angeles, Bro. Théophane is especially interested in two recent converts, Théophane Akitabiashi and his brother, Jimmy.



THE END OF A DAY'S OUTING
WITH THE BABIES.

Japangeles.

AMONG US BOYS

WHACK! That sounds like a home-run. And sure enough, there goes George Honorable-no-Attention 'round the third sack and is nearing the fourth. This gives Peter Leisure-Ferry-Start, who is next at bat, high hopes and he has visions of seeing his name linked up with Babe Ruth's. Standing at attention while the pitcher "winds up," Peter was just about to swing at the ball when a call came from Brother to help cut down trees over in "Maryknoll" (priests' residence). We always like to work with the brothers because then we feel like men. Sister lets us have our own way and sometimes we are bad. Anyway, we were glad to help Brother and ran right over. But Peter just stood looking at us and said, "When do I get my 'licks'?"

Well, Brother told us that Fr. Kress

was going to build an "L"—whatever that means—to his house, to make more room for the priests and brothers; so we went right to work cutting down and cutting up the trees and we saved all the wood because it is expensive to buy out here. When the bell rang for dinner we had good appetites ready, and Japanese boys like to eat. That is why we are so fat.

After dinner we helped Sister, also—cleaning the yard, watering the flowers, and shining shoes. At supper we could talk and there was much noise on account of the game and chopping trees. As this was Saturday, the Catholic boys went to Confession. By nine o'clock everybody was sound asleep.

But if we had known what was going to happen that night, I think we should not have gone to bed at all, for next day Brother told us that rats had chewed up four tires and some other things belonging to our school busses. I did not know that rats could live on rubber even when it is covered with sugar. No, these were human rats that broke into the garage, Brother said. That was very mean. I thought this city was named after the Good Angels, but there are very many bad ones here.

Father reported the theft to the police, but he did not put anything into the papers, lest other robbers should find out what we had and some night not only break into the garage but even into our home, and steal us. We feel sorry for Father, because he is not rich like Mr. Rockefeller, and now he will have to buy more tires, which Brother says cost forty dollars each. And it makes us boys feel bad also because maybe we can't have our yard cemented, which Fr. Kress promised as soon as he got a thousand dollars. We hope some friends with oil wells, or gold mines, or those who have their salary raised, will think of us before putting their money in bank. We have a thousand yards of cement to "sell" at one dollar per.

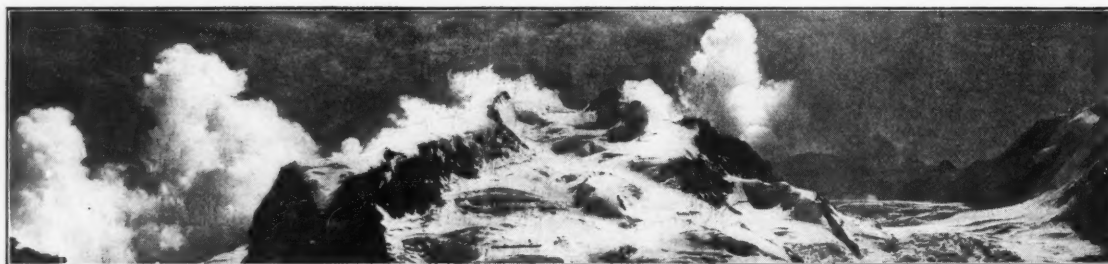
I have told you all my good news and some bad, but we are hoping good will come from this, too, especially our yard, so that we can use our speed wagons. And now I lean over, put my hands on my knees, and bow low and say, "Sayo nara, good-by."

Bamboo Phil.

P. S. Please tell the printer, if he has any room left on this page, to say we should like our friends on the Pacific coast to give us some phonograph records. *Argigato gozainasu*—thanks.

Save fifty dollars on the monument if you must, but do not fail to enroll on the Maryknoll Perpetual Memorial List the name of your beloved dead.

Above the Mountains.



STEPHEN SAULNIER'S earliest memory was of the mountains. It was an evening in late summer and he was playing in front of the chalet with little Gretchen, a neighbor. His father and mother sat on a bench near the children. Suddenly they both rose and stood gazing at the mountains. The children followed them, and for the first time Stephen was conscious of the beauty of the Alps. The afterglow had fallen on the long chain of snow-crowned peaks and they shone like the jeweled walls of the New Jerusalem. Above them the sky was pale blue, shot with gold, and the unearthly vision seemed suspended in mid-air, for the lower slopes and the valleys were already shrouded in dusk. Stephen's father put his arm around his young wife and said with an expression the boy never forgot: *"I have lifted up my eyes to the mountains, whence help shall come to me."*

Three summers later, when Stephen was six years old, he was again before the chalet, in the company of Gretchen. His mother was there, too, but the tuberculosis, against which his father had struggled so manfully, had carried Mr. Saulnier away to the burial ground of his ancestors in France. The young widow continued to spend the summer months among the scenes so dear to her husband. Stephen had inherited his parents' love of the mountains and he was homesick for them all the winter.

On this particular evening, Mrs. Saulnier had told the children the story of Stephen, the first martyr. Her six-year-old son was deeply attentive, and Gretchen, who imitated him in all things, was likewise interested. When Mrs. Saulnier came to tell of Stephen's

vision, she read the words from the Bible, for she felt that no rendering could do it justice: *But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looking up steadfastly to heaven, saw the glory of God and Jesus standing on the right hand of God. And he said: "Behold, I see the heavens opened and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God."* The little namesake of the great martyr seized his mother's hand and pointed to the glowing mountains. "Mother," he cried, "that evening when father looked up at the mountains and said that help would come to him, I am sure he saw just such a vision. I want to see that vision, too. Mother, do you think I shall?" Mrs. Saulnier put her arms about him and her eyes shone with tears that were not sad. "God grant it, my son," she answered softly.

* * *

Stephen Saulnier lost his mother when he was fifteen. He went to live with his grandparents, who were very rich. They idolized the young man, seeing in him the future of their race. Stephen showed promise of brilliancy, and the best that Paris could offer was given him for his education. He continued to be very devout. This pleased his grandparents, for the Saulniers were a family of staunch Catholic traditions. What did not please them so well was the fact that each summer Stephen begged to be allowed to spend a few weeks in his parents' chalet in Switzerland. He maintained a great fondness for a peasant girl, called Gretchen, who had been his childhood playmate. Still, the old people were sure that life in Paris would soon engross all their grandson's attention.

* * *

On his eighteenth birthday, Stephen

went for a long climb with Gretchen. Their goal was a certain crucifix high up in the region of eternal snows. When they reached it, they sat down and looked into the valley far beneath. "Gretchen," said Stephen, "since we were here last year, I have come to a decision which means everything to me. I have told no one of it, as yet, except my confessor. You see, I wanted to tell you first." The girl glanced quickly at him, with eyes as blue as the sky above, and his last words brought a flush of pleasure to her cheeks.

"How often we have spoken of Stephen's vision!" continued the young man. "When we were children, we almost used to see it in the sky above the mountains. But not quite, and that made us a little sad. Now, Gretchen, there is only one way for me to ever see that vision.

"This winter, when I was in a shop on the Rue du Bac, I got in touch with a young seminarian of the Foreign Mission Society, quite by accident. He could not find change to pay for some small purchase and I was privileged to be there. He showed me over the Seminary and I got my first glimpse of something I had never dreamed of in the heart of Paris. Well, Gretchen, I went back there many times and the long and short of my story is that I am going to follow after my patron in the Foreign Mission Seminary, the school of martyrs." Here Stephen paused, waiting for the glad interest with which Gretchen had always greeted his plans; but she did not speak and sat with bowed head. Stephen drew one of the thick golden braids aside and saw that she was crying.

* * *

From the beginning Stephen's voca-

tion was beset with difficulties. His grandparents said that he had saddened the evening of their lives, and, at first, they even refused to visit him. Life at the Seminary was hard in many ways for one brought up as Stephen had been, and he missed his beloved mountains. He took comfort in the thought that many of the missions in the Far East are in the hills. When the day came on which the choice of departing missionaries was read out, Stephen Saulnier's name was near the head of the list. He felt his comrades crowd round him, shouting their congratulations, but he sat dully in his place, unable to respond. His destination was Cochin-China—in the low, swampy region of the Mekong delta.

Before the long journey, Stephen returned to the mountains. Gretchen went with him to the crucifix they had so often visited. There was a third in the party, Albert, a sturdy peasant youth who was betrothed to Gretchen. They spoke on the old familiar subjects—Stephen's parents and the vision Mr. Saulnier had beheld in the afterglow above the Alps.

Stephen bade them good-by abruptly. He wanted to descend the mountain alone. He left them standing at the foot of the crucifix, their arms entwined. Gretchen's eyes were full of tears, but she smiled tenderly at Albert when he tried to wipe them away. The departing missionary was soon engulfed in shadow and he felt as if he had sunk forever out of the region of sunlit splendor where the young couple stood.

Stephen Saulnier worked for forty years in the delta of the Mekong. He was never transferred. His Christians loved him so well that it seemed wisest to leave him with them. Fr. Saulnier was a wasted, silent man whom his confrères loved just as the Christians did. But they were a trifle timid of his presence, owing to his invariable reserve. Not that he was cold in any way; he was remarkable, on the contrary, for his kindness and patience. He seemed to have some secret which he did not desire to share.

One morning Fr. Saulnier lay in his hut looking out over the rice fields. The heat was torrid and Stephen had not slept all night. He felt a touch of

fever and resolved to remain quiet that day. As he took up his breviary, a native entered. He was a pagan, but the missionary knew him, for the man's brother had lately become a Christian.

"Most holy priest," said the native, "my brother is dying of the fever and he has sent for you."

This particular convert lived in a village fifteen miles distant and travel would be impossible in the noonday heat. But Fr. Saulnier did not hesitate. He made ready what was necessary and followed the native. During a great part of the journey he must have been delirious, but somehow he went ahead. They reached the dying Christian late in the day, just in time for the priest to administer the last Sacraments. The poor native, who was little more than a boy, died very happy.

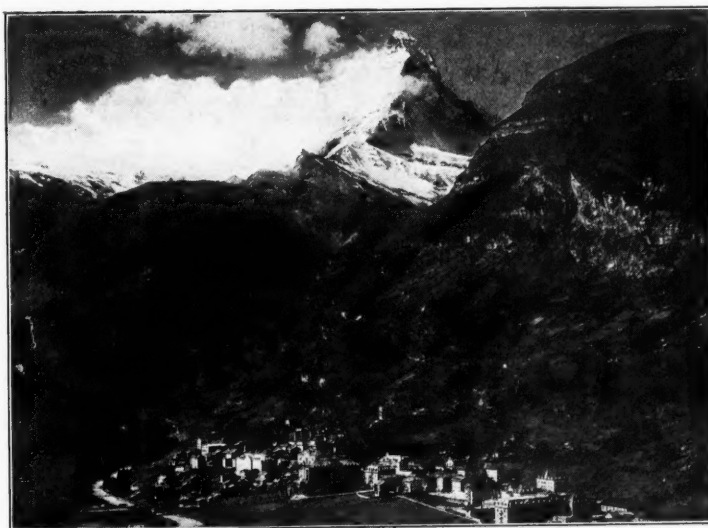
When his duty was accomplished the missionary went to the door and sank on the ground outside the hut. His mind, which was again wandering, ran on the manner of the Christian's death. "He fell asleep in the Lord," he murmured to himself. Then, in a rush, these words brought to his memory the whole story of Stephen, the first martyr. Tears flowed down his wasted cheeks. "I am an old man," he told himself, "and I have not seen the vision." His tired eyes closed.

Of a sudden he gave a cry of joy.

There, against the background of pale blue, shot with gold, were his beloved mountains. The afterglow was on them, and, in its radiance, he recognized every peak. Near one of the summits, he saw something gleaming even more brightly than the snow; it was the crucifix. Then, somehow, he seemed transported right into the heart of the glow, near the foot of the crucifix. He saw Gretchen standing before him, a glad smile of welcome on her lips. As he stepped towards her, she was no longer there and the woman who stretched out her arms to him was his own mother. He would have hastened to the shelter of those arms, but, before he reached her, his mother also vanished and he saw before him a being whose beauty dimmed the shining of the mountains. He fell on his knees pronouncing the selfsame words uttered by his father years ago: *I have lifted up my eyes to the mountains, whence help shall come to me.* Then the Virgin Mother took him by the hand, and, looking up, he saw the heavens opened and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God.

* * *

The pagan who bent over the dying missionary heard him cry out and saw the shining of his face. He felt a holy wonder which led him before long to Stephen's God. (By a Maryknoll Sister)



I have lifted up my eyes to the mountains, whence help shall come to me.

Illustrating the Spirit behind Maryknoll Gifts.

Two of the letters below were from priests; one from a lay Catholic; one from a non-Catholic.

An old lady of our parish, who had been an invalid some time, made a quilt, and told me that she was going to raffle it off and give the proceeds to help some poor boy to the priesthood. She said that she had prayed often to God to give this vocation to one of her sons, but it was not His will.

Before the numbers were all sold on her piece of handiwork, God called her. Since she had said many times that she wished me to put the money into hands which would use it for her intention, her children gave it to me requesting that I send it whithersoever I thought best. Hence the enclosed draft.—*Rev. Friend, Mo.*

Our friend A.... D.... has been a member of our household for fifteen years, and we should like to recognize in some way the comfort and help she has been to us in all that time. We can think of no better way than by making a contribution in her name to the church she loves so much, and we do this all the more willingly because we feel that an institution which has helped to mold her spiritual character is worthy of the respect of all Americans.

She has designated the Catholic Foreign Mission Society as one of the beneficiaries of this offering, and we trust that you will accept the enclosed check of \$50 as coming in her name.—*N. Y.*

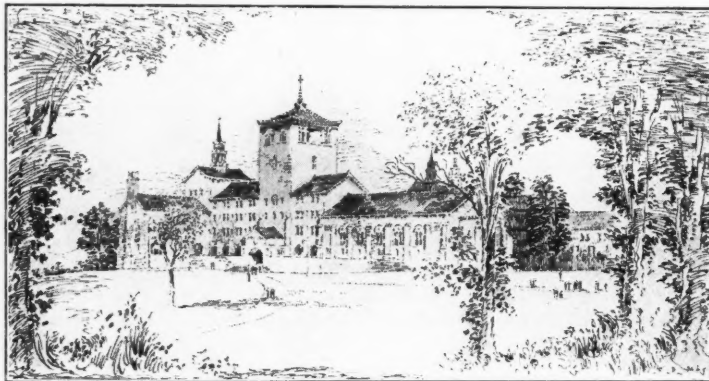
Here is a letter which tells its own story, and well. It was not written for publication, but we appreciate its value too much to keep it from our readers.

On a table in a room recently occupied by a sweet, serene old lady, stands a little Mite Box containing one nickel dropped therein by the dear hands, as a first contribution toward an offering to be sent after the holidays to her loved Maryknoll.

Then sorrow came in the death of her son, and the dear heart broke. The little Mite Box is still making its mute appeal, just where her hands placed it, and there we wish it always to remain.

And now, in fulfillment of a wish expressed during the last year, another fund will be sent, one of these days, to Maryknoll, to found a burse for the education of a missionary priest.

What a lover she was of Maryknoll!



FRONT VIEW OF THE NEW MARYKNOLL.

This is the portion that we hope, some day, to see above ground and roofed.

From its beginning, when she became a perpetual associate member, she followed with heart interest its glorious career. One after another, her beloved dead were enrolled in perpetuity; and the dream of founding a burse was confided, a short while ago, to those who remained. Never was there a more appreciative observer of your progress. Through the house she would go, singing the praise of the work of foreign missions; sympathizing in your struggles and in the hardships of the missionaries; impressing on the members of the household the importance of the great work. How she longed for riches, only that she might give to Maryknoll!

Do you wonder that our first thought, as we come out of the depths of our sorrow, is to settle an account with Maryknoll!

Sometime ago, I was stationed at the little parish in———, and I found myself in very hard straits financially. As a means of solving my difficulties, I decided to help the foreign missions. The plan worked splendidly, and what seemed to me most difficult became my most happy and successful work.

Now I am at———, and have taken up a much more serious and difficult task. My indebtedness, in a parish of only seven hundred and thirty families, will soon be about two hundred thousand dollars, and, at that, the work will be only half completed. I do not quite understand why I was

foolish enough, at my age, to undertake this job; but the fact remains that I have taken it up, and must do my best to carry it on successfully. Naturally, I have lost much of the energy of earlier years, and must, therefore, look to other ways in order to pull through. Once more, I shall turn to foreign mission work, and by this means I shall try to draw down God's blessing on my own.

When I visited you at Maryknoll about ten years ago, almost my last remark to you was, that I was glad you had undertaken your work for the foreign missions, not only for the great good it would do the heathen, but especially because of the stimulating effect it would have upon the priests of our own country. Now, after these ten years, I am more convinced than ever.

I wish to succeed here, and so I am resolved to help make successful the mission work. I am poor and cannot do much, but I am sending a personal check as a stringless gift; next, a contribution from the Sunday School children; then follows a check in payment for I do not know how many years' subscription for THE FIELD AFAR; and lastly, a few Mass intentions. All this does not amount to much, but it is a new beginning; and I hope that more will soon follow.—*Rev. Friend, Pa.*

From the Fields.

Mill Hill, the English Foreign Mission Seminary, is at work on an extension for fifty students, and hopes to finish the construction by next September.

A Crusade of Prayer organized by the missionaries of China has been approved and recommended by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. Centers have been established at Sicawei, near Shanghai, and at Paray-le-Monial, France.

The late Father Aurientis, who died at Kyoto, Japan, was highly esteemed by all who knew him. He was a missionary for forty-seven years. Recently he lived most of the time in Kyoto, giving several hours each week as a professor in the university.

The Foreign Mission Seminary of Milan has established a branch of its work at Aversa, in the South of Italy. Father Manna, author of *The Workers are Few* and of *The Conversion of the Pagan World* (two excellent books translated and published by Msgr. Joseph McGlinchey), is in charge of the new foundation.

Here is one of the fine old veterans of the Paris Seminary, the late Fr. François Ligneul, a true priest and a ripe scholar,

whose example and whose words will long outlive him.

Fr. Ligneul was a missionary in Japan, and lived in the Far East over forty years. He died at Hongkong and we ask a prayer for his soul.

LITTLE HOLLAND AGAIN

A Dutch priest-friend writes:

"We are two million (2,000,000) Catholics. In the various mission fields abroad, there are 1,013 priests, 410 brothers, 993 sisters; in the mission houses in Holland, 247 priests, 219 brothers and 123 sisters active. There are 49 mission houses in Holland, and in the mission 20 Dutch bishops and 4 Prefects Apostolic.

The Association for the Propagation of Faith, the Holy Childhood, Opus S. Petri for the native clergy, the Unio Cleri pro missionibus, and a great number of other associations are prospering.

Referring to a conference of Chinese Christians (Protestant) the *Hongkong Telegraph* says:

The Chinese who present papers do not need to fear comparison with the foreign missionaries who undertake the same task. Their English is as faultless as their Chinese and the subject matter is direct and very much to the point. They bring their own contribution to the solution of every problem and it is nearly always something quite unexpected by the Western mind. It is quite evident that the Chinese claim that the leadership of the Church should pass into their hands is perfectly reasonable, and that not only is it not being resisted, but is being expedited in every possible way by their foreign colleagues.



MARYKNOLL MEDICAL MISSION.

BROTHER JOHN HARD AT WORK.

DEAR MARYKNOLLERS—BROTHERS AND STUDENTS:

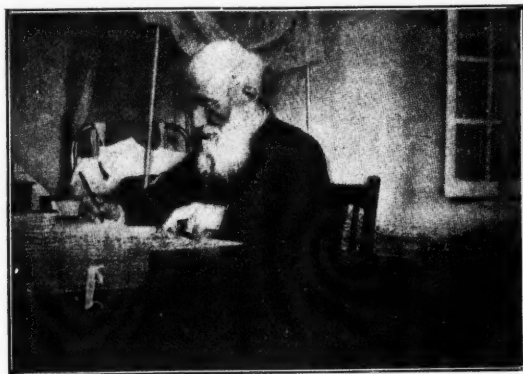
Sincere thanks for your kind letters, card, and good wishes. Your box of goodies arrived and it was appreciated more than words can express.

The most important work on our Missions will probably be the development of dispensaries. These will make a way for the poor pagans to know the true Church, will provide great opportunities for studying the prevalent diseases, and will bring skilful care to the poor sick who can get relief in no other way. The small villages have no hospitals and there is no public institution to which the sick can apply.

The number of patients coming daily to our dispensary ranges from fifty to a hundred, and most of these are suffering from severe cases of eczema and other chronic skin diseases. Their trouble has been aggravated, as a rule, by improper treatment or lack of cleansing. The disease spreads rapidly where several families live together in one poorly ventilated room in which sanitation and hygiene are conspicuous for their absence.

On Christmas day, over two hundred people—men, women, and children—applied at our dispensary for treatment. Fr. Sweeney, two of our Chinese boys, and myself, were kept busy from nine in the morning until five that afternoon, ministering to them. We scarcely took time to eat a light lunch.

We are in dire need of bandages, cotton, gauze, adhesive plaster. Any kind of old sheeting or cotton cloth would be welcome. After spending \$25 for the necessary tables, medicine chest, and chairs for our 6 x 8 dispensary—it used to be the cook's room, but Fr. Dietz had to put him up in the school—a few dollars on the brick floor, and 30 cents for whitewashing the walls, we expended \$15 for bandages. That was about our limit; so, after that supply was exhausted, I was obliged to make dressings and bandages out of my bed sheets. We could not think of paying the prices they charge over here for gauze. In cases where the patients return for treatment, whenever the bandages are not too soiled, I save them, wash and sterilize them, and use them over again. For the past week, we have just been



THE LATE FATHER FRANÇOIS LIGNEUL.
A veteran missionary in Japan whose literary labors have shed luster on his society.

putting a sterile dressing next to the wound and then wrapping paper around it, tying it with a string. It may not seem very sanitary, but it is the best we can do.

The children here suffer chiefly from worms. The babies even vomit them. The poor babies are distressing little mites; some are blind, some cannot open their eyes because of pus collected about them, some are mere skeletons with only a rag or two to cover them. As their parents are often too poor to give them the nourishing food they need, we give them what milk we have and go without coloring matter in our coffee and tea.

Each new ulcer case seems worse than the last. Even the Chinese bystanders, accustomed to the odorifer-

ing the sensation of sleeping between sheets. I am afraid they are not enjoying it, for they are very sick, and they are accustomed to sleep in their clothes on boards. All the other children are running about quite healthily, so I am not looking for any more smallpox; but if another case should turn up, Frs. Dietz and Sweeney will have to sleep out with the birds, as we have no more rooms to let. My wish, just now, is to build one mud house for the lepers and another for vagrant applicants in acute distress. Even a house with eight cots would be a boon to those very sick poor whom treatment for a few days would put on their feet again. One poor man, suffering with a very bad case of yellow jaundice, walked twenty miles to get some help. He was not able to look

would gladly work, but there is practically nothing for them to do, and the two cents a day pay they get for the work they can do, will not support them and their families. They are a grateful people. You never treat them but they offer you two or three betel nuts or a few eggs. We always insist that they keep the nuts, for their need is greater than ours; but, as they never eat eggs, we are glad for the latter—that is, if they are not too old.

We shall probably never know to what extent our dispensary is paving the way to Christianity for these poor pagans; but when we see their grateful smiles at our slightest effort in their behalf, we dare hope for rich spiritual returns. Already some of the pagans treated have applied for admission to the Church. None of the



BOTH HAPPY.

ous companionship of pigs and chickens living in their common room night and day, often make a quick *getaway* when the bandage is removed. In spite of the fact that these ulcers and infections have been plastered with mud and tied with a few old leaves, they respond to treatment very quickly. One has to be very careful when removing the dirty bandages, that the patients do not put them in their pockets and carry them home.

I have intimated that our dispensary is small. At present, we are pinched for room. Two of our boys are down with smallpox, and Fr. Dietz had to clear out the tiny trunk room to put in two cots. For the first time in their lives, these youngsters are experienc-



GETTING HIS FOOT IN IT.

after himself; but we had not room in which to put him; so, regretfully, we had to see him start home.

Several times I have been called upon to visit some sick person in his home. To describe the abject filth of some of the huts I saw, is impossible. In one poor hovel sat a man about twenty years old, naked, on the sand, with his right ankle chained to the wall. He was insane and his mother had good reason to fear the beatings he could give her; so there he had been for three years. And there is no place for these poor unfortunates; so they must remain at home and suffer.

These poor, poor pagans! They are not to blame for their misery. They



HEADS, I WIN.

Protestant hospitals or dispensaries will give any treatment without the payment of a few cents; most of these people cannot afford even a half cent.

To bring this pitiful tale of Chinese maladies to a close, let me remind you again of the needs of our little dispensary. Get your folks interested; get Circles interested; tell them that gauze or even pieces of old cotton cloth will be most acceptable.

With best wishes and the hope of seeing you all some day over here helping to save souls and spread a little sunshine in the lives of millions of poor pagans, I am,

Sincerely yours in Christ,
Brother John.

The Widening Circles.

A missionary at times thinks that he is doing something, but when he sees how some of the mission helpers at home, notably the members of our mission circles, are making sacrifices to put the necessary weapons in his hands, he begins to view himself in the proper light of being only one wheel in the machine—and not the fly-wheel, either. — *Father J. E. Walsh, A.F.M., China.*

FROM A MARYKNOLL SISTER
IN CHINA.

DEAR CIRCLE DIRECTOR:

The Sacred Heart Dispensary will open soon. It is a building of three rooms, to the left of the convent, which Fr. Ford has had renovated. The first, we shall call a waiting room. Here a talk will be given on the Catholic Faith before going into the dispensary proper for treatment. Next comes the dispensary, and in the rear there is a small room for examining patients. I'll have a stove here for heating water and sterilizing instruments.

I have been wondering if a Circle could be formed to adopt our little dispensary, sending us a fixed sum every month for its support? The members could make bandages for us, and dressings, too. (A sample will be sent from the Circle Department.) One of our boxes that came from Kowloon—containing the dressings supplied by the Washington, D. C. Circle, and other effects—was opened, and several sheets, the two beautiful statues given by the members of *Our Lady of the Maryknolls Circle*, and many bandages were missing. The few that were left, I boiled over and over again and have used them many times. If the bandages are made of good material, this can be done.

There is much work here for a nurse. The pagans come just as readily as the Christians, and are grateful for any little service. One woman, suffering from a big ulcer, came a great distance. She had some queer black stuff on it, over which a green leaf was tied.



SUPPOSE NOBODY CARED.

Please remember the dispensary in your prayers. Through it we hope to bring many souls to a knowledge and love of the Sacred Heart.

In between the snowflakes came the following notes of cheer from our Circles:

Please find enclosed \$20 from the Gemma Galgani Circle, also five Mass intentions and two subscriptions to *THE FIELD AFAR*. — *Gemma Galgani Circle, Spencer, Mass.*

We have not forgotten our adopted sister in China. A few weeks ago we sent her a check for \$50. Please send us twenty-five more Mite Boxes. — *The Nurses' Circle, St. John's Hospital, Ill.*

St. Helena Circle sends \$200 for the support of its missionary. This makes our total \$225. The remainder will reach you shortly. Pray for us, as we do for you. — *St. Helena's Circle, N. Y. C.*

This check for \$180 is from *St. Edward's Conference, St. Vincent de Paul Society*, for a catechist in China. Please forward same to Rev. Francis X. Ford's mission, in Yeungkong, China. — *St. Edward's Conference, St. Louis, Mo.*

Will you send one hundred Mite Boxes so that I may distribute them at our Sodality? We wish to send you some offerings soon. Be assured of our prayers. — *The Maryknoll Club, Flint, Mich.*

We are sending you a check for \$100—a second installment on our Circle's Room at Maryknoll. Under separate cover we are sending you a couple of scarfs. I suppose that you can use all you get. — *St. Aloysius Circle, N.Y.C.*

We are happy to send you this offering of \$23 for the Maryknoll Sisters' Convent in China. It will help outfit the kitchen. We think it best to send you the money so that you may select what is needed. — *Mary Xavier Circle, Westfield, Mass.*

We have held two card parties and are now able to send our offering for our Leper Chapel. The enclosed check for \$157.50 will help a bit towards the \$500 that we are aiming at. All the members are greatly interested and are looking forward to the arrival of *THE FIELD AFAR*. — *Mary Ann Circle, Lafayette, Ind.*

Delighted we are and delighted you will be to receive our check for \$103. Thirteen dollars are for subscriptions to *THE FIELD AFAR*, as noted on enclosed paper. Ninety dollars, the proceeds of our Mite Box collection, is the half-yearly installment (1923) for the support of our catechist. — *Blessed Sacrament Circle, Philadelphia, Pa.*

At a recent meeting of the *St. Francis Xavier Circle*, members presented the results of their efforts for the past year, and by these efforts they find themselves able to send a check which will cover sums promised to Maryknoll—namely, \$180 for the support of Father —'s catechist, \$300 for our adopted seminarian's support, and \$100 as part payment for St. Francis Xavier's Room in the New Seminary—a total of \$580. We hope to complete payment for the room by the end of June. We shall need Mite Boxes. Please send fifty to my address. — *St. Francis Xavier Circle, Pa.*

Sewing has been gratefully received from *Fordham Maryknoll Circle, N. Y. C.*; *St. Rose of Lima Circle, N. Y. C.*; *St. Aloysius Circle, N. Y. C.*; *St. Catherine Circle, Irvington, N. Y.*; *The Thomas Francis Circle, Passaic, N. J.*

NEW CIRCLES FORMED.

Our Lady of Lourdes Mission Circle, Buffalo, N. Y.; *The Maryknoll Club, Dorchester, Mass.*; *The Mission Circle, Somerville, Mass.*; *The Théophane Vénard Circle, Worcester, Mass.*

The *Maryknoll-Yeungkong Circle, Corona, L. I.*, held a very successful reception and card party, the proceeds of which were given towards the needs of the Maryknoll Sisters, and a check for \$100 was given to Fr. Byrne, the Superior of Maryknoll-in-Korea. Several large boxes of canned food, household linens, and other needful articles were sent to the new convent in Yeungkong. This Circle is working hard for the Maryknoll Sisters in Yeungkong.

Circle Dues and Stringless Gifts, donations toward Student Aid and Catholic Support were received from the following Circles:

St. Teresa's Circle, Tarrytown, N. Y.; *The Maryknoll Circle*, Quincy, Ill.; *Holy Souls Circle*, Lonsdale, R. I.; *The Maria Auxilia*, Jersey City, N. J.; *St. Catherine Circle*, Irvington, N. Y.; *The Maryknoll Club*, Somerville, Mass.; *Manhattanville Charity Association*, N. Y. C.; *The Missionary Beehive*, Erie, Pa.; *The Marietta Emery Circle*, Greenwich, Conn.; *Regina Apostolorum Circle*, Brooklyn, N. Y.; *Regina Martyrum Circle*, Brooklyn, N. Y.; *Mercedes Circle*, Brooklyn, N. Y.; *Mater Christi Circle*, Brooklyn, N. Y.; *Stella Maris Circle*, Brooklyn, N. Y.; *Mary Ann Circle*, Lafayette, Ind.; *The Fordham Maryknoll Circle*, N. Y. C.; *St. Patrick's Circle*, Westfield, Mass.; *St. Francis Circle*, Greenwich, Conn.; *The Vénard Circle*, Pottsville, Pa.; *St. Mary's Maryknoll Circle*, Cambridge, Mass.; *Maria Mission Circle* (3), Pittsburgh, Pa.; *The Vénard Circle*, Pittston, Pa.; *Our Lady of the Maryknolls Circle*, N. Y. C.; *St. Robert's Circle*, Newark, N. J.

ATTENTION CIRCLES

The Wizard of Odds needs help. A cry has come from the Maryknoll Sisters in Kowloon, and from Fr. Ford's delightful haven for old ladies in Yeungkong, asking for help in clothing their young and elderly charges; and even The Wizard's magic is unable to supply the great demand for socks for the old folks, and plain garments and underwear for infants and children up to the age of five years.

So, if the Circles, wherever they meet, will do their best to make or secure untrimmed, easily laundered garments, they will be distributed where they are most needed. God will surely bless you, for unless you rally to the call of the little rescued Chinese babies and the poor old outcast women, they will suffer, and their rescuers will not be able to give them the required aid.

Then, too, if anyone who reads these lines has worn sheets, or pieces of gingham left over from her sewing, please send them to the Wizard of Odds, Box 118, Clark's Green, Pa., and they will be converted into useful articles. Any finished garments may be sent to THE CIRCLE DIRECTOR, MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK.

Thanks in advance, dear Circle Members. Don't fail me after so fine a showing at Christmas time.

Ever yours in gratitude,

Maryknoll's Wizard of Odds,
Box 118, Clark's Green, Pa.



Students' Crusade Maryknoll Activities.

FROM Maryknoll Missions in China comes a hearty greeting to the students of the Catholic Mission Crusade Units. Our missionaries send word of the progress that has been made through the prayers and generosity of the American students. In return, we receive from all states in the Union the cheering word to send on to our priests, sisters and brothers:

This check is our contribution towards the Father Chaminade Burse. —*St. James School*, San Francisco, Cal.

We have gathered a few "mites." The enclosed check is for the total contributed. —*Belmont Seminary Unit*, N. C.

We should like the enclosed \$50 to be sent to one of your missions to help on the great work. —*St. Mary's of the Mount Mission Unit*, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The accompanying \$25 is for the Blessed Louise de Marillac Burse. We hope to repeat the above at an early date. —*St. Joseph's College*, Md.

We are happy to send you this little gift of \$25 which we trust will prove an aid to you in your wonderful work. Of course you know you have our prayers. —*Nazareth College and Academy*, Ky.

Please accept this gift of \$18.76 from the boys of Calvert Hall College. We should be happy to have a few large Mite Boxes. Greetings and prayers from all! —*Calvert Hall College Unit*, Md.

We are sending you a check for \$50. This amount was gathered in the "little red stockings." Please use this gift to further some of the splendid work done for Christ's Cause, by the good missionaries of Maryknoll. —*St. Teresa's College and Academy*, Mo.

I take pleasure in sending to you the enclosed \$7, representing Mite Box offerings for our class for one month. We are planning further work for the missions, and should be pleased to receive a dozen Mite Boxes. —*St. Catherine's Academy*, N. Y. C.

Dollar Books

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—*Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament*.

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210 pages, 16 illustrations. *Bl. Peter Chanel, S. M., martyred in Oceania in 1839.*

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—*Lady Herbert*.

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DURING the month, gifts of money, gifts in kind, subscriptions to THE FIELD AFAR and The Maryknoll Junior have come from:

Alabama, Arkansas, Arizona, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, District of Columbia, Florida, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Texas, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Wyoming, Africa, Canada, China, Cuba, Hawaii, Ireland, Porto Rico.

CHRONIC NEEDS

Carpenters', machinists', and plumbers' tools; rugs; upright piano; typewriters; clothing; stationery supplies (carbon paper, etc.).

BOOKS RECEIVED.

God and Caesar, by Rev. Joseph Husslein, S.J.; Human Evolution and Science, by Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J. Published by the America Press, Suite 4847, Grand Central Terminal, New York. Price 10c. each.

Mélanges d'Histoire et de Géographie Orientales, by H. Cordier. Published by Librairie Maisonneuve, 3, Rue du Sabot, Paris, France. Price (3 volumes) 130 frs.

A St. Vincent de Paul Society (St. Edward's) in St. Louis has been attracted to the idea of supporting, for at least one year, a catechist in Fr. Ford's mission.

Unexpected gifts bring special encouragement, and such was the effect of gatherings that came with a note from the Dorchester Maryknoll Circle. These were the proceeds from a concert. We note that the first number on the program was "I'll forget you," but we hope to be again remembered.

Another parish, St. Patrick's, in Cumberland, Md., watches paternally over Fr. James E. Walsh, one of its sons in China. In January, Msgr. Wunder sent through Maryknoll to Fr. Walsh, more than \$1,000 raised from collections in the church and school, to which was added the combined offerings of some Cumberland laymen.

At Albion, New York, St. Joseph's Church continues the yearly support of a student at Maryknoll. The Rev. Francis Sullivan, LL.D., started this idea several years ago, giving one-half himself and calling upon his parishioners for the other half. If fifty more parishes would likewise adopt students, our sustenance problem would be simpler than it is today.

A special page reports, as far as space permits, activities of Maryknoll Circles and we wish often that we could more adequately express our interest and appreciation of this particular form of cooperation. Splendid results are beginning to appear. One that will hearten our sisters in Yeungkong is due, in no small measure, to the cooperation of a pastor in Corona, L. I.

WHAT UNIT WILL SPONSOR A MISSIONER SAILING FOR CHINA IN SEPTEMBER? PASSAGE AND OUTFIT \$550.

STUDENT BURSES.

A Burse is a sum of money invested and drawing enough interest to provide board, lodging, and education for one aspirant apostle at the Maryknoll Seminary, or Maryknoll's Preparatory College, The Venard. Each student beneficiary is instructed to pray for his benefactor.

The usual burse is five thousand dollars. If the student's personal needs are included, the amount is six thousand. We will welcome additions to five thousand dollar burses.

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated in memory of the deceased.

A new burse may be entered on the list when it has reached \$100.

SEMINARY BURSES—Incomplete.

Blessed Madeleine Sophie Barat Burse.....	\$4,965.27
Philadelphia Archdiocese Burse.....	4,801.09
St. Francis of Assisi Burse.....	4,759.50
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Burse.....	4,050.00
Holy Souls Burse (Reserved)....	4,000.00
All Souls Burse.....	3,974.91
The Most Precious Blood Burse....	3,765.00
St. Patrick Burse.....	3,760.49
Cure of Ars Burse.....	3,551.10
St. Anthony Burse.....	3,335.06
St. Anne Burse.....	3,208.50
Trinity Wekanduit Burse.....	3,038.53
Holy Eucharist Burse.....	2,951.50
Bl. Louise de Marillac Burse.....	2,323.06
Our Lady of Mount Carmel Burse.....	2,068.89
Father Chapon Burse.....	2,167.50
Marywood College Burse.....	2,007.10
St. Philomena Burse.....	2,005.00
College of Mt. St. Vincent Burse.....	2,000.00
Fr. Chaminade Memorial Burse....	1,936.90
Holy Child Jesus Burse.....	1,877.10
Dunwoody Seminary Burse.....	1,816.65
St. Dominic Burse.....	1,732.07
Pius X Burse.....	1,724.25
O. L. of the Sacred Heart Burse.....	1,528.48
Duluth Diocese Burse.....	1,411.70
Bernadette of Lourdes Burse.....	1,357.75
Mother Seton Burse.....	1,301.25
Sister Mary Pauline Memorial Burse.....	1,158.50
Omnia per Mariam Burse.....	1,110.00
College of St. Elizabeth Burse.....	1,105.00
Immaculate Conception, Patron of America, Burse.....	947.23
St. John Baptist Burse.....	942.11
St. John Seminary, Archdiocese of Boston Burse.....	800.00
St. Agnes Burse.....	712.73
Susan Emery Memorial Burse.....	682.63
St. Rita Burse.....	651.15
St. Lawrence Burse.....	641.25
St. Michael Burse.....	629.50
St. Francis Xavier Burse.....	613.28
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	468.03
St. Joan of Arc Burse.....	424.01
Holy Family Burse.....	338.00
Children of Mary Burse.....	280.05
St. Bridget Burse.....	263.00
St. Louis Archdiocese Burse.....	260.00
St. John B. de la Salle Burse.....	253.86
Maryknoll-in-Heaven Burse.....	226.50
St. Boniface Burse.....	212.40
The Holy Name Burse.....	190.00
Our Lady of Victory Burse.....	181.16
Ss. Peter and Paul Burse.....	150.00
All Saints Burse.....	138.28
Jesus Christ Crucified Burse.....	136.00
St. Jude Burse.....	131.00
Archbishop Ireland Burse.....	101.00

COLLEGE BURSES—Incomplete.

Little Flower Burse.....	\$4,278.42
Sacred Heart of Jesus Burse (Reserved).....	4,000.00
Bl. Théophane Vénard Burse.....	1,601.80
"C" Burse II.....	1,500.00
Anonymous Diocese Burse.....	1,000.00
Bl. Virgin Mary Sodality Burse.....	645.50
St. Aloysius Burse.....	624.32
St. Michael Burse.....	250.00
Holy Eucharist Burse (Reserved)....	106.00
Immaculate Conception Burse.....	100.50
St. Margaret Mary Burse.....	100.50

SPECIAL FUNDS.

The Funds recorded below have been carefully invested so that the interest shall be applied regularly to the needs as designated.

Maryknoll Propaganda Fund.....	\$5,000.00
Our Daily Bread Fund.....	1,482.08
Sanctuary Candle Fund.....	332.82
Sanctuary Oil Fund.....	306.55
Altar Wine Fund.....	219.00
The Dr. H— Medical Fund....	500.00

CURRENT APPEALS.

Lenten Appeal.....	\$1,020.00
Memorial Rooms in New Seminary.....	500.00
Stones in Seminary Wall.....	90.75
Maryknoll Land.....	38.00
Vénard Land.....	30.60
Bricks in Preparatory College Wall.....	12.00
Seminary Tower.....	1.00

STUDENT AID FOUNDATIONS.

A Student Aid Foundation represents \$1,000 the interest on which will supply the personal expenses of one student each year, at Maryknoll or Maryknoll's Preparatory College, The Venard.

MARYKNOLL STUDENT AID.

Fall River Diocese Fund.....	\$1,000.00
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Fund.....	273.98

VÉNARD STUDENT AID.

Vénard Circles Fund, No. 1.....	\$1,000.00
Vénard Circles Fund, No. 2.....	1,000.00
Vénard Circles Fund, No. 3.....	1,000.00
Vénard Circles Fund, No. 4.....	1,000.00
Vénard Circles Fund, No. 5.....	1,000.00
Vénard Circles Fund, No. 6.....	1,000.00
Vénard Circles Fund, No. 7.....	989.23

MARYKNOLL MISSION FOUNDATIONS.

A native clergy and competent native catechists are the bases of successful and enduring effort in Catholic mission work.

\$1500 placed at interest will enable our missionaries to keep one Chinese aspirant to the priesthood at a seminary in China.

\$4000 placed at interest will provide for the support of one catechist (usually a married man with family), whose entire time will be devoted to the slow and tedious process of instructing the candidates for baptism.

Additions to the incompletd burses and funds in the lists below are invited:

NATIVE CLERGY BURSSES.

Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse.....	\$1,500.00
Mrs. Annie Cole Memorial Burse.....	1,500.00
Sacred Heart Burse.....	1,500.00
St. Vincent de Paul Burse.....	1,500.00
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	601.00
Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	700.00
Maryknoll Academia Burse.....	300.60

NATIVE CATECHIST FUNDS.

Abp. Williams Fund, I.....	\$4,000.00
Abp. Williams Fund, II.....	14,000.00
Abp. Williams Fund, III.....	14,000.00
Abp. Williams Fund, IV.....	14,000.00
Abp. Williams Fund, V.....	14,000.00
Abp. Williams Fund, VI.....	11,000.00
Yeungkong Fund, I.....	4,000.00
Yeungkong Fund, II.....	1,826.65
Fr. Price Memorial Fund.....	646.60
Bl. Julie Billiart Fund.....	360.00

OTHER MISSION FUNDS.

Missioners' Books.....	\$468.00
Circles' Missioners' Support.....	462.75

THE FIELD AFAR 6 years, \$5.00.

†On hand, but not available, as at present interest goes to the donor.

Just received a request from Hong-kong: "If each priest will raise \$10."

... Send me some more information; I will raise \$100. I have charge of two clubs and—. I have a parish library. Have you any books about the missions that I can get the young people to read?—Rev. Friend, N. Y.

Before his departure for Korea, Fr. Byrne, Maryknoll's first representative in that country, received several offerings which enabled him to make the journey and to put aside enough to sustain him on the other side, at least, for a few months.

A post-departure gift for the Korean mission arrived recently, \$100 from Columbus, Ohio. It was unexpected, and gives promise of similar inspirations, which we hope will be many this first year of special struggle.

Ladies of Isabella! Shades of Columbus! The writer once saw in Seville, as he recalls, some exquisitely embroidered vestments, the gift of Queen Isabella of Spain, but he himself never expected to be thanking her daughters for other benefactions.

Yet here comes from the great metropolis of Lake Michigan a check mounting almost to four figures, with kind words of encouragement from the Joan of Arc Council 22, Ladies of Isabella—the first of their order to sight the Knoll of Mary.

The check was the proceeds of a Chinese Missionary Bazaar, and the chaplain of the Council was our friend at court.

Pray, please, for the following deceased benefactors:

Rev. Felix Scullin, M.R.; Rev. Wm. F. Poland, S.J.; Sr. M. Reine; Sr. M. Ignatius Krug; Mrs. L. P. Besse; C. Fogerty; John Sesnon; Mrs. C. Daley; Mrs. M. Budelman; John A. Murat; Thomas F. Higgins; Carrie Young; Julia Tierney; Mrs. Johanna Condon; Mrs. Jane McGeoldrick; Margaret McMahon; Richard D. Walsh; Mrs. Jane Dowd; Elsie de Pombray; Mrs. Rose Hernan; Grace E. Cooper; John Brennan; Mrs. Bridget Duncan; Bernard McKenna; Mrs. Timothy Murphy.

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The Completed Diocesan Burses are:

St. Paul Archdiocese Burse.....	\$6,000
Providence Diocese Burse.....	5,000
Fall River Diocese Burse.....	5,000
Cleveland Diocese Burse (4) each.....	15,000
Pittsburgh Diocese Burse.....	5,000
Columbus Diocese Burse.....	5,000

NEW PERPETUAL MEMBERS

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Deceased:—L. P. Blinn; J. L. Blinn; M. A. Collins; E. L. Collins; E. F. Collins; D. B. Collins; Michael Cross; James F. Devine; Mr. and Mrs. J. Gallagher; Andrew Gargan; J. M. Kelley; C. E. McCarthy; Edw. McHale; P. J. Martin; Mrs. Mary E. Rogers; Mrs. Alice Skelly; Denis H. Toomey; Michael Whelton; Adams family; J. B. Coupe; O'Neill family; Pervorse family.



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MARYKNOLL MISSION FILMS

(Arrived)

DESCRIPTION: Contains eight hundred feet of MISSION FILM. The first portion, 600 feet, shows views in and around the Maryknoll Yeungkong China Mission in connection with the First Installation of sisters there, about the middle of November, 1922. The remaining two hundred feet show views at the reception of the FIRST APOSTOLIC DELEGATE TO CHINA, Msgr. Celso Costantini, at the residence of Mr. Tsoa Po Sin, a prominent Chinese Catholic gentleman of Hongkong, November 26, 1922. On this occasion, many dignitaries and missionaries were present, including American bishops, MacGinley and McCloskey, from the Philippines, Msgr. McGlinchey of the Boston Propagation of the Faith, several Maryknollers, and all the bishops of the Fifth District of China, then attending the Synod in Hongkong. This film was exposed by C. Pilkington, Esq., of London, employed by the various Anglican missionary bodies of England, who kindly placed himself at the disposal of Maryknoll Missions.

Correspondence Invited

Address: Maryknoll Stereopticon Department

Maryknoll, New York

OFFERED TO THE CATHOLIC STUDENTS OF AMERICA



HERE is a sketch of the proposed front entrance to Maryknoll Seminary. The small window under the outlook of the tower marks a section that will be occupied with water-tanks so that we shall have something useful as well as monumental. The erection of this tower has been offered to the Catholic student body of the United States, and we hope some day to see in bronze or in enduring stone an inscription testifying to the interest of this student generation in the first American foreign mission seminary.

